

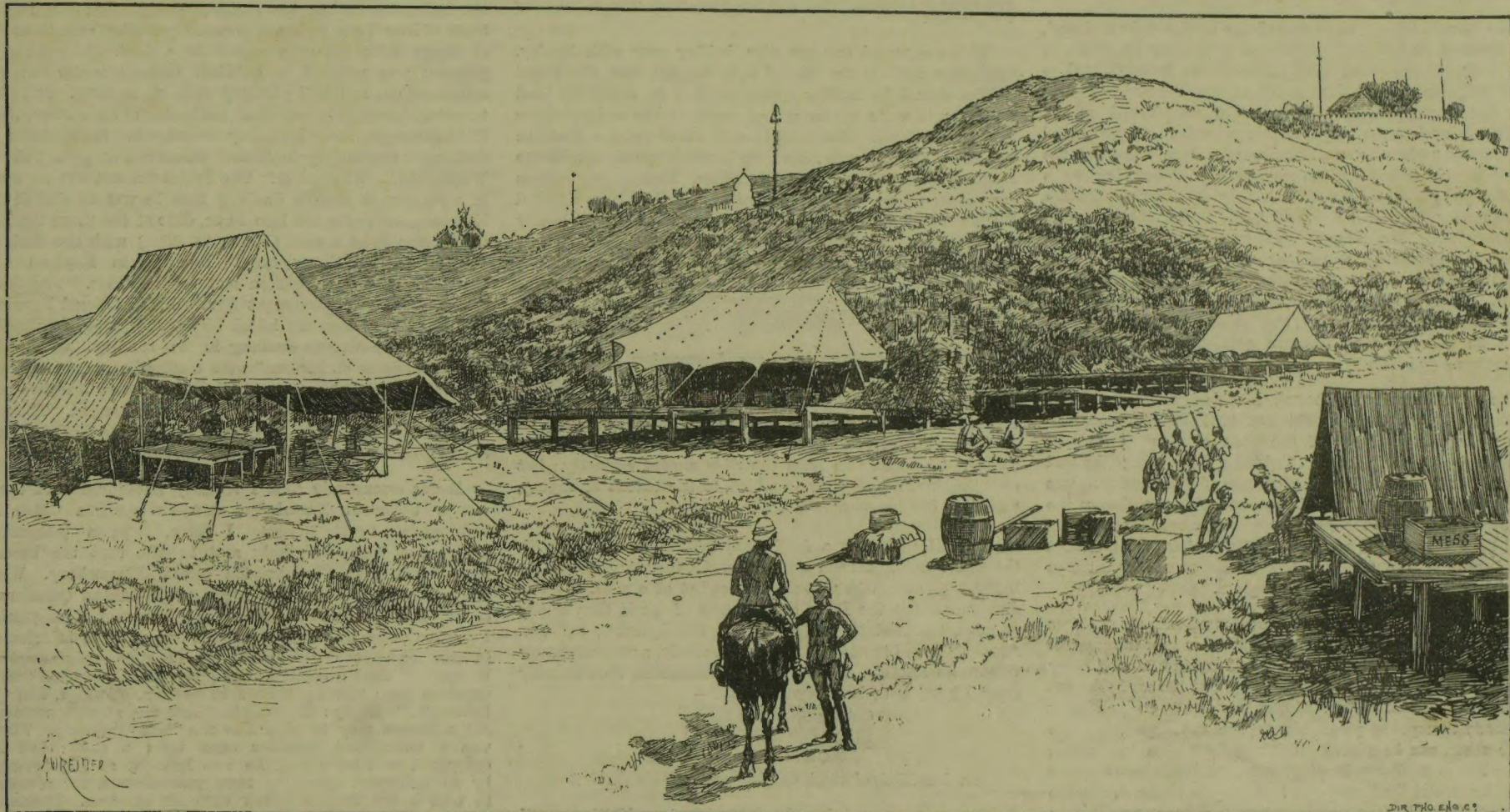
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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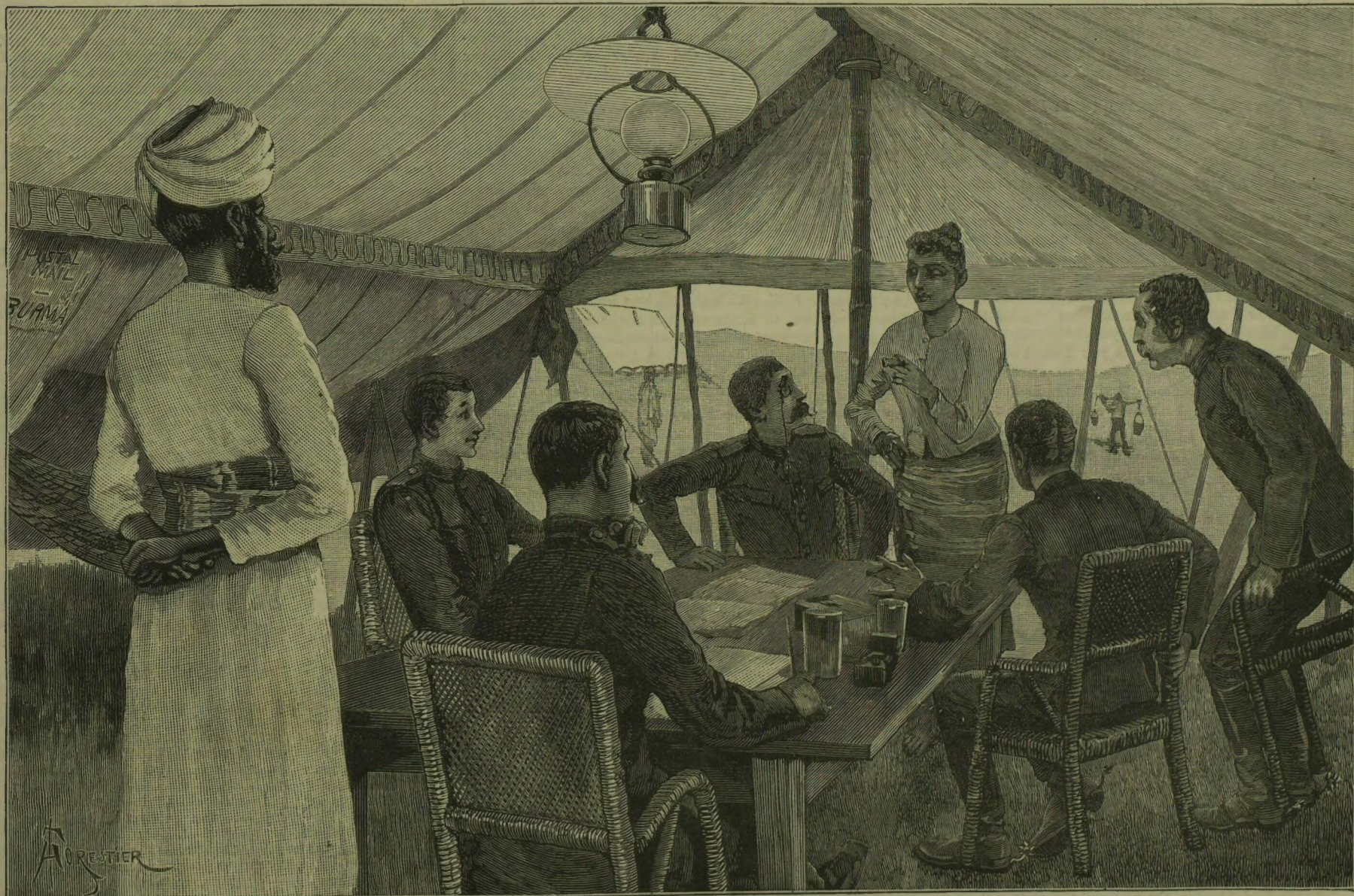
No. 2488.—VOL. LXXXIX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1886.

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MANDALAY HILL AND GHOORKA CAMP.



A LADY CALLS ON THE REGIMENTAL MESS.

OUR TROOPS IN BURMAH: SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN C. PULLEY, 3RD GHOORKA REGIMENT.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everybody, with all my heart! I hope that it will be merry in hall, and that beards will wag all. I trust that there will be plenty of cakes and ale, and that ginger will be hot—not too hot—in the mouth. May the fourteen thousand little boys and girls of the workhouses and orphan schools, who have been provided with a bounteous supply of toys, sent in response to an invitation from the kindly editor of *Truth*, enjoy their playthings thoroughly. May Christmas be merry to the kind Sisters of Nazareth House, whose soup-kettles are still boiling, and who fed one day last week eight hundred hungry souls. May Christmas be merry in the poor-boxes at the Police Courts; and may merry cheques be sent to the many hospitals and asylums which urgently need support. You will forgive me if I am unable to be merry, myself. I spent last Christmas Day at sea, between Launceston, in Tasmania, and Sydney. I spent New Year's Eve at Melbourne; and Christmastide must ever be for me a miserable anniversary.

The Rev. J. Diggle, chairman of the London School Board, has bloomed on a pleased public as an authority on Art. In distributing the prizes at the Stanhope-street Board School to pupil teachers and scholars north of the Thames, who had exhibited successful drawings at the Saffron-hill school, Mr. Diggle made some very sensible remarks. "Sometimes," he observed, "when he was listening to a long debate at the School Board, he had had an opportunity of drawing on a blotting-pad; but he did not think that constant application in that way would do much good." Be not too sure on that head, Mr. Diggle. It was on a blotting-pad in the board-room of a railway company at Derby that Joseph Paxton drew the first sketch for the Crystal Palace. He took the blotting-paper sketch away with him; caught the express for London, and found in the compartment which he entered a well-known gentleman called Robert Stephenson.

The great gardener showed his design to the great engineer, who, however, would not take it into consideration before, in defiance of the then existing by-laws of the railway company, he had lighted a cigar. Then, he told Paxton that the idea of a vast structure of glass and iron was an admirable one; but that the ground plan sketched on the blotting-paper wanted something which would have to be added by a professional architect. The professional architect was found in Sir Charles Barry, who struck a transept at right angles to Paxton's parallelogram.

Subsequently, the Rev. Mr. Diggle enlarged on the advantages of cultivating a power of accurate observation; for example, he remarked, when a tall hat was placed against a wall, very few people could point out how high against the wall that hat would stand. Just so, Mr. Diggle. And pray do you know how many threepenny-pieces, rim to rim, not superposed one on the other, can be placed on the surface of a half-crown piece without their overlapping, even by a hair's-breadth, the circumference of the larger coin? Again, Reverend Sir, has it ever struck you that ten people out of a dozen are unable to draw with accuracy the figures on the dials of their own watches, although they may consult those timepieces fifty times a day? They usually put the figure "four" in Roman numerals, thus—"IV," instead of "IIII." For the benefit of the inquisitive, I may as well state at once that two threepenny-pieces cannot be placed on the surface of half-a-crown without one of them overlapping the circumference of the larger coin.

It always gives me pleasure to think that I have a good many Germans among the readers of this page. Will some Teutonic student of history tell me if there be any truth in the story that Frederick the Great once caused an officer to be shot for keeping, contrary to orders, a light in his tent at night? The story crops up in a manner curiously interesting to me in "The Hayward Letters." In Mr. Hayward's essay on the "Pearls and Mock Pearls of History," he relates as authentic the story of Frederick visiting the tent of an officer who, when all lights had been forbidden under pain of death, was found finishing a letter to his newly-married wife by the light of a taper. The offender besought pardon, but was repelled by the stern disciplinarian saying:—"Finish your letter, Sir, and add a postscript, 'Before this letter reaches you I shall be shot for disobedience of orders'!"—and shot he was, the next morning. "The Hon. Mrs. Norton," adds the editor of the Letters, "had based a beautiful song on the event"; and of this song the opening lines are quoted.

I have a vivid remembrance of the ditty in question, and think that I can recall the concluding lines, omitted in "The Hayward Letters":—

"Resume the seat," the monarch cried, in tones of bitter sorrow,
"Resume the seat, resume the pen, and add, 'I die to-morrow.'"
There was no pardon, no appeal, when that decree was spoken;
Whatever human hearts might feel, the camp's great law was broken.
And Ivan filled a nameless grave, and left his mournful story—
A warning to his comrades brave, a blot on Frederick's glory.

I am not quite certain as to whether the victim's name was Ivan; but I am under the impression that it was my mother who negotiated the sale of the song to a music publisher in Regent-street. Miss Norton, writing, in 1873, on behalf of her grandmother, to Mr. R. B. Sheridan, states that the song was called "Frederick's Camp." That was its original title, but it was changed at the last moment to "The Blot on Frederick's Glory"; and as such I can see it now in my mind's eye, with a smooth frontispiece in lithography by Brandard, representing the stern Frederick, confronting the hapless letter-writer.

But how about the truth of the story? Its veracity was questioned in 1873 in a review of Mr. Hayward's "Pearls and Mock Pearls," published in the *Spectator*. Mrs. Norton interested herself in the controversy, and wrote to Lord Napier, bidding him ask Carlyle what the authority was. Great Tom of Chelsea replied, in characteristically vehement terms. "There is not," he wrote, "anywhere in nature the faintest

vestige of evidence for that poor story about Frederick and the officer; and I clearly believe it to be as perfect a fable as ever a spasmodic fool invented in his own idle brain or caught out of empty rumour." The editor of "The Hayward Letters" adds, in a note, that Lord Macaulay had referred Mr. Hayward to the old edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" (1797), article "Frederick," for confirmation of the anecdote, the authenticity of which Macaulay never doubted.

The Distressed Compiler happens to have on his shelves the 1797 edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica." Here is the story, as given in that venerable compilation:—

In military affairs he was excessively severe, not to say cruel; of which the following anecdote may serve as an instance. In the first war in Silesia, wishing to make some alterations in his camp during the night, he forbade every person, under pain of death, to keep, after a certain hour, a fire or other light in his tent. He himself went the rounds; and, in passing the tent of a Captain Zietern, he perceived a light. Entering the tent, he found the captain sealing a letter to his wife, for whom he had a great affection. "What are you doing there?" says the King, "Do you not know the order?" The captain fell on his knees and asked pardon, but did not attempt to make any excuse. "Sit down," says Frederick, "and add a few words I am going to dictate to you." Zietern obeyed; and the King dictated, "To-morrow I shall perish on a scaffold." The unfortunate man wrote them, and next day was executed.

It has occurred to some sage, boiling over with loyalty, patriotism, and all the rest of it, to suggest that the Royal Jubilee should be further commemorated by enjoining Lord Tennyson to write a new set of words to the melody of the National Anthem. Most people will be of opinion that the best thing that the venerable Poet Laureate could do with the National Anthem would be to let it alone. Henry Carey's verses have been stigmatised as "doggerel"; but they have a sound British ring, for all that. Who does not appreciate the hearty vindictiveness of "Scatter her enemies, and make them fall"? and what true John Bullism there is in—

Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
In thee, our hopes we fix:
God save the Queen!

Mem.: Ever so many years ago, I remember going to Her Majesty's Theatre on the first night of the operatic season. Grisi—then in the full pride of her youth, beauty, and genius—Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache took part in the National Anthem. To Grisi was allotted the "Confound their politics" triplet. The first two lines she recited correctly; but over the third she slightly stumbled, to the extent of saying, "In thee, our hopes *we sticks*."

Mem. II.: There is a droll story told in connection with the National Anthem and old Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of the Lyceum Theatre, who was also somewhat of a poet. It was announced that the Duke and Duchess of York, then newly married, intended to pay a visit to the Lyceum; and Mr. Arnold resolved to add, on that occasion only, a congratulatory verse to the Anthem. Whether the Arnoldian lines were actually sung, I know not; but they ran thus:—

God bless the Happy Pair!
May they all blessing share!
Twenty-four, Golden-square.
God save the King!

Old Mr. Arnold lived at 24, Golden-square.

The multitudinous friends of Mr. Montagu Williams will learn with sincere gratification that the eminent counsel in question has been appointed a Stipendiary Police Magistrate. I should say, on the other hand, that the announcement will be received by the criminal classes with feelings of horror and dismay. It was all very well for the gentleman in the dock of the Old Bailey or the Middlesex Sessions, on a suspicion of picking pockets, to be able to retain "Monty" for his defence, with the confident hope of being acquitted by a jury of his countrymen, even if the prosecutor's watch had been found in the incriminated gentleman's left shoe; but it will be a very different matter when Mr. William Sikes, or Mr. Fagin, or the Artful Dodger is brought before the eminent counsel now transformed into a formidable "beak." Let the rogues tremble! "Monty" will prove a magistrate not to be trifled with.

Mr. Montagu Williams has not, I believe, written any books; but he made some essays, I believe, many years ago in the poetic art. Still, all his associations have been essentially literary and artistic. I like to think of the men of letters and culture who have adorned the stipendiary bench. Henry Fielding, to begin with; then Gilbert Abbot A'Beckett, author of the Comic Histories of England and Rome, the "Comic Blackstone," and one of the original pillars of *Punch*. Then there was Mr. Knox, writer of leading articles in the *Times*, and contributor to *Once a Week*; nor should Mr. Thomas Walker, author of "The Original," be forgotten. Mr. Jardine, some time of Bow-street, wrote a book on "Judicial Torture in England"; and Dr. Colquhoun, some time of the Thames Police Court, wrote early in the present century a voluminous and most useful work on the Police of the Metropolis; but these two last-named gentlemen were lawyers first, and men of letters afterwards.

In the matter of the once famous vocalist, Miss Paton, "A. P." (Barnsley) informs me that Mrs. Joseph Wood, once Lady William Lennox, *née* Mary Anne Paton, died at Bulcliffe House, Bretton West, near Barnsley, York, July 21, 1864.

The fasting men are fast becoming an intolerable nuisance. Their abstinence, or professed abstinence, from food does not seem to prove anything of a really scientific nature. Of course, there is no reason to disbelieve in the good faith of Signori Succi and Merlatti; but ere one becomes a member of the Société Jeûnatoire, or Fasting Association, which I hear is about to be established in Paris, one would like to see an experiment tried on a gentleman who would volunteer to be locked up for forty days and nights in a solitary cell at Pentonville, with plenty of blankets to keep him warm, and plenty of cold water to drink—and nothing else. The doctor might take a peep at him from time to time through the inspection-trap in the cell door, to make sure he was getting on quite nicely; and if he emerged alive at the end of the

forty days, I would at once become a convert to the doctrine of inordinate fasting.

Mem.: After Succi and Merlatti, Mortabelli—a suggestive name. Mortabelli has begun a fast of seventy-two days at Philippeville, in Algeria. He is a Maltese, and affirms that he was once a sailor in the British Navy; that the ship in which he sailed was wrecked; and that he was cast ashore on a desert island, where he existed for two months and eleven days without eating anything. I wait with impatience for the ladies to begin to starve themselves. Was there not once upon a time a Fasting Woman of Tutbury?

There has been a discussion in the German Reichstag on the subject of duelling. The debate arose from the motion of a clerical deputy to insert a clause in the criminal code making so-called "American duelling" penal. Somebody should have hinted to the clerical deputy that it is only in the far west and in the south of the Great Republic that the practice of duelling still lingers. From the northern, eastern, and middle States the barbarous custom has entirely disappeared; and in the State of New York it is a Penitentiary matter even to send a challenge or to act as a second in a duel. The deputy's proposal was referred to a Select Committee for detailed consideration, and will probably come to nothing. It is interesting, however, to learn that the author of the motion, Herr Reichensperger, made laudatory reference to "the abolition of duelling in England by the Prince Consort and the great Duke of Wellington." What next? The Prince Consort was no more in a position to abolish duelling than he was to abolish the Equator; and as for the Iron Duke, did not the Great Captain of the Age fight a duel (March 21, 1829) with the Earl of Winchester and Nottingham? Duelling in England was abolished by public opinion and by the Press. The fatal combats in which Lieutenant Munro killed Colonel Fawcett, and Lieutenant Hawkey killed Lieutenant Seton, practically gave the death-blow to duelling in this country. Gentlemen fond of "affairs of honour" were distinctly made to understand that the next person who killed a fellow-creature in a duel would be treated as a murderer, and hanged. There is nothing bold or dashing or chivalrous in being hanged; and duelling consequently fell into discredit among us.

It was erroneously that I recently mentioned that there was a Universal Knowledge and Information Office in Southampton-street, Strand. I learn, from a prospectus which has been obligingly sent to me, that the bureau in question is in Southampton-street, Bloomsbury. With the prospectus came a few pages of "specimen questions" of an amusingly miscellaneous kind. Three of these queries I propose to answer free of charge, but without interfering in the slightest degree with the (I hope, remunerative) business of the Universal Knowledge and Information Office. Question put: "Best solicitors in London, Hastings, and St. Leonards?" Reply: Take the Law List, and select at random. All solicitors may be placed in the "best" category. There was a second-best solicitor once upon a time; but he emigrated to Texas; and he was lynched at Big Springs, by an indignant crowd of legal practitioners, for refusing to take a fee from a widow with six children. Specimen question No. 2: "The four largest organs in the world?" Reply: The *Illustrated London News*, the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and Bacon's "Novum Organum." Third and last question: "Warm boots: where to be obtained, for an elderly invalid lady? What kind are worn in Russia?" The Distressed Compiler begs to state that he has a pair of jack-boots lined with lamb's-wool which he wore during a journey from Moscow to Odessa in the winter of 1876. They are very warm: but as the moths have got at the lamb's-wool and the rats have taken liberties with the toes, the boots will be disposed of at an alarming sacrifice. The historical fur coat formerly connected with the boots is unfortunately no longer in the Compiler's possession. He handed over the Grand Old Pelisse to Colonel Drew Gay at Constantinople, in March, 1877; and the coat was, he believes, so saturated with Russian gore, and so many times transfixed by Cossacks' spears at Plevna and the Shipka Pass, that it had to be laid up in ordinary.

I mentally promised not to say another word in this page touching the Duke of Wellington's cocked hat and the plumes with which Mr. E. J. Boehm, R.A., has unwisely adorned that historical headgear. But what is to be done in the face of the politeness of a gallant correspondent, "T. V." (Penrith), who forwards for inspection a set of etchings illustrative of the battles of Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo, published in 1871? The etchings are by Captain George Jones. The Duke wears a short cloak; and the plumes are all the more conspicuous by their absence from his cocked hat through the circumstance that some members of his staff wear feathers. It so happens that I have had for many years a set of Captain Jones's etchings by me; so I have hastened to return, with many thanks, the engravings forwarded to me by "T. V."

Mem.: The Captain George Jones who executed the Waterloo etchings subsequently took to the study of art in right earnest, and in process of time became George Jones, Esq., R.A. I never saw the gentleman; but I have heard that he had a harmless penchant for "making up" in the civilian similitude of the Iron Duke:—blue surtout, narrow-brimmed hat, white trousers, white cravat with silver buckle at the back, and so forth. Well; Major Pendennis had the same amiable weakness.

"A. H.," writing from Berlin, tells me a story which may be edifying to globe-trotters, if they condescend to follow the counsel recently and reverentially tended to them by one who has ceased to trot and can scarcely crawl. My correspondent, while travelling down the East coast of Africa, chanced to touch at a small deserted island, about a mile from the village of Muzimbwa, south of Cape Delgado. On this island he came across a really imposing monument with an inscription in which he could decipher several English words; but the name of the person interred and the date of interment had vanished. On making inquiries, afterwards, on the mainland, the "oldest inhabitant" came forward to aver that many moons previously a large ship, without sails but which fired big guns, touched at the island and that the ship's crew buried there the body of a white man, who was supposed to be a great chief, for all those present at his funeral "looked very sorrowful." Not at all a bad beginning for a novel of adventure.

G. A. S.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

The Royal city of Mandalay, till lately the capital of King Theebaw's misgoverned realm, now a province of the British Indian Empire, is situated two miles from the left or east bank of the great river Irrawaddy. It is divided, like most Indo-Chinese towns, into the walled city of the Government officials and military, and the more populous suburb which is inhabited by traders and the native working classes. The latter part extends towards the river and its port of inland traffic. The city proper is a square, with sides above a mile long, inclosed by walls built of mud-mortar, 26 ft. high and 3 ft. thick, backed with an earthen mound, and surmounted by wooden towers of the ornate Chinese style. There are three gates on each of the four sides, and one gate on each side has a bridge over the surrounding moat, which is 60 ft. from the walls, and of much greater width; state barges and boats used to be kept on its water, from which canals descend to the river. Behind the city is a hill crowned and studded with many pagodas, Buddhist temples and monasteries, lifting their gilt spires above the cemeteries, in the Royal park which extends at the back of the King's Palace, on the eastern side; in the farther distance are the hills of the Shan frontier, the abode of wild unruly tribes. Numerous pagodas and convents of Buddhist monks or colleges of priests, who were reckoned in all, with their attendants, at nearly thirty thousand persons, are seen in different parts of the city. The late King Theebaw, who had been educated for the priesthood, had his own special monastery—if that word be applicable where celibacy is not a vow of the religious order; it is a splendid edifice, a mass of gilding, inside and outside, from the ground to the roof, its gilt timber door-posts and eaves decorated with artistic carvings. The Afoo-ma-shee Pagoda contains marble slabs inscribed with choice sentences of the Buddhist Scriptures, and boxes filled with manuscripts, written on palm-leaf, which are a complete library of theological learning. The King's Palace, with seven roofs and a lofty spire, is in the centre of the walled city, and consists of many houses, for residence, pomp, and pleasure, with courts and gardens between them, all shut in by two enclosures, an outer brick wall and an inner log stockade, entered by turret gateways. Here is the Supreme Court and Hall of Audience, where the King or his great Councillors and Ministers of State used to give orders and hear important causes. Around the palace were the mansions of those high official personages, the Treasury, the Royal Mint, the Arsenal, the superior barracks and military guard-houses, the powder-magazines, and other Government buildings; the soldiers of the general garrison, and the lower officials, dwelt in the walled city outside the palace precinct. The view of Mandalay in our large Engraving, from sketches by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist in Burmah at the time of the British expedition two years ago, shows the principal main street of the outer town, a road 100 ft. wide, planted here and there with young trees, and to the right hand, in the background, are the walls of the King's bazaar, outside which are stalls and booths for various petty native trades.

"The streets," writes Mr. J. G. Scott (Shway Yoe), in his entertaining volume on Burmah, "are a curious study; there is an extraordinary variety of nationalities to be seen constantly in Mandalay. Every here and there, one comes across a band of Shans, tall stalwart men, very Chinese in feature, wearing usually nothing but baggy blue trousers, and tattooed from the waist down to the ankles. Occasionally, though much more rarely of late years, one meets a Kachyen hill-chieftain, with his train of ragged followers, slight but wiry in figure, with aquiline noses and fierce shifty eyes, as different as possible from the thick-set, open-faced Burman. There are parties of Arrakanese, come over the hills to worship at the most holy Arrakan Pagoda, with its famous brass Gautama Buddha; there are Chins, from the western hills, with hair gathered up in a knot over the forehead, and often with no more clothing than a small handkerchief—the women, whose faces are tattooed all over, dressed in short smocks and waistcloths; there is a Chaw or two, the men with their foreheads shaved, the women with hair plaited in two tails and brought up round the forehead like a coronal; there are Shandoes, worshippers of the Sun and Moon; Karens, in long blouses with embroidery marking their tribe; Khamis and Mros from the north hill tracts, with scanty beards and oblique eyes; and the Paloung, who has come down with his bamboo rafts laden with pickled tea. There are Chinese traders, smooth-shaven and prosperous, whether big and raw-boned from Yunnan and Szu-chuen, or plump Baba-Babas from Rangoon and the Straits, brought up on British territory; and the Mogul trader, with his red-dyed beard, his solemn face, and his cunning, that of a Jew plus an Armenian plus a Greek, yet only just able to hold his own with the Chinaman. It was a town of violent contrasts, Mandalay; the silk-clad Chinaman, elbowing the almost naked Chin; the mendicant of the Sacred Order of the Yellow Robe, looking with pity on the grim-visaged Mogul, who could buy up half the town; the haughty Minister, preceded by his shrieking licitor; the cashiered French officer, with a favourite spittoon-bearer. Alongside of holy, yellow-robed, shaven-headed monks, thronged gamblers, thieves, broken agriculturists, military bullies, and hangers-on of the great men about the Court; not a few of these were Europeans, runaways from ships in Rangoon Harbour, or from justice, ready to do anything but honest work. Some of them were employed, advising King Theebaw in his foreign relations, or acting as Generals in his army; others were simply living on the families of their Burmese wives. The rich Chinaman had his gorgeous joss-house, in the outskirts of Mandalay, with this proud inscription, 'Enlightenment finds its way even among the Outer Barbarians.' But over everyone, in the reign of Theebaw, was the fear of denunciation to the Court, of the prison, and of the rack and the crucifix. Now, in another year or two, Mandalay will be one of the most popular British garrison stations in Burmah.

Our military correspondent, Captain C. Pulley, of the 3rd Ghorka regiment, sends us further Sketches. One is a view of the Ghorka camp on Mandalay Hill, a mile and a half from the city, with a military signalling station on the summit behind; another shows the regimental mess, with the entrance of a Burmese lady visitor, calmly smoking her cigar. The tents are raised on floors supported by bamboo posts. Detachments are continually sent out to hunt the bands of "dacoit" marauders in the jungle beyond, towards the Shan hills, or rather mountains, being 6000 ft. high, a view of which, from Mandalay Hill, with the advanced posts of Yan-jin-doung and Taung-bo, is presented in one of these Sketches. The marching party of Ghorkas crossing a "choung," a deep narrow valley with a swampy bottom, and skirting its banks where there is firmer ground for the horses and carts, will also be noticed; as well as the scene at a deserted village which they searched for arms, between Pagán and Myingyan, where two carts were found laden with dacoit booty, and a few dhars or semitars, with a small quantity of bullets and ammunition. The officers are, with an interpreter, questioning several villagers, while the soldiers are entering the huts to search for concealed weapons.

THE COURT.

Prince Alexander of Hesse, attended by Baron Rothemann and General H. L. Gardiner, Equerry in Waiting to her Majesty, arrived at Windsor Castle on Thursday week from Buckingham Palace. Prince Henry of Battenberg met his father at the Great Western Railway Station in Windsor. Her Majesty received, in the afternoon, the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor, who presented an address of congratulation on the birth of Princess Beatrice's son. Yesterday week the Queen held the first investiture of the "Distinguished Service Order" in the White Drawing-room. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Prince of Wales. Decorations were conferred on several officers for the action at Ginniss and for the operations in Burmah. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria and Prince Henry of Battenberg hunted with the Queen's Buck-hounds in the East Berkshire country. The infant son of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg was baptised last Saturday in the White Drawing-room, in the presence of the members of the Royal family now in England—the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alexander of Hesse, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, and the Princess Irene of Hesse being sponsors. Her Majesty named the Prince Alexander Albert, and at the luncheon which followed the toast of "His Highness Prince Alexander of Battenberg" was given. The Queen and Royal family attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning; the Rev. Canon Fleming preached. Princess Beatrice attended the private chapel to return thanks for her recovery. The service was read by the Dean of Windsor, in the presence of the Queen and Prince Henry of Battenberg. A number of the boys from Christ's Hospital proceeded on Monday to Windsor to exhibit their drawings to the Queen, who was pleased to select some of those which she had inspected. Prince Henry of Battenberg, accompanied by Prince Alexander of Hesse and Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, went out shooting in Windsor Great Park. Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron Von Pawel-Rammingen visited the Queen, and dined with her Majesty. Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord George Hamilton were included in the Royal dinner party. A telegram from General Sir H. Ponsonby has been received by the Mayor of Southport, stating that the Queen will give £100 to the fund for the relief of the sufferers from the life-boat calamities.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Friday and Saturday last week paid visits to the Queen, and lunched with her Majesty. On Sunday their Royal Highnesses were present at Divine service. The Prince honoured the Continental Gallery, New Bond-street, with a visit on Monday. His Royal Highness has been elected an honorary member of the Linnean Society.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

Pantomime is this year having a very hard fight of it with the circus. The old clown—who for too many years past has been completely snubbed at the theatre, and who is only allowed to appear in the harlequinade at the far-end of the performance, when the children are worn out with processions, ballets, and comic scenes—has quietly taken himself off to the saw-dust ring, where, throughout the evening, he can get an audience to himself, quite prepared to laugh at his old jokes and "wheezes."

But at Drury-Lane pantomime is inevitable. Changes may occur elsewhere, but not at the National Theatre. Mr. Augustus Harris seems determined that the Jubilee Year shall be celebrated in the history of English pantomime. The veteran E. L. Blanchard is once more to the front with a new version of "The Forty Thieves," which will introduce a galaxy of beauty and talent. The "airy, fairy" spirit of burlesque, Miss Constance Gilchrist, takes the lead, and she will be supported by that delightful comic actress Miss M. A. Victor, by the clever Sisters Mario, by the active Emma D'Auban, and the tall and stately Edith Blande Brereton, to say nothing of Miss Marie Williams and Miss Minnie Inch. Pantomime at Old Drury would not be itself without Harry Nicholls, Victor Stevens, Charles Lauri, jun., the animal actor, or Harry Payne. But the staff has received a conspicuous addition in Mr. Robert Pateman, a comedian of tried experience; and Herbert Campbell will be at his old post assisting Harry Nicholls to make the comic scenes go with roars of laughter. The dresses are said to be more magnificent than any that any previous manager has conceived to be necessary for an entertainment whose career of prosperity must inevitably be limited; and the Jubilee Scene will be one of the most gorgeous of modern stage spectacles.

For other pantomimes, we must go farther afield. Mr. John Douglas, who depends much on his scenery and the advantage of a stage splendidly designed for display, promises at the Standard "Aladdin," with three grand scenic triumphs. The Surrey pantomime is always distinguished for its old-fashioned and genuine character. Unfortunately, we do not see the name of George Conquest the elder—he who was "young George Conquest" only a few years ago. Apparently, the celebrated pantomimist is tired of leaping down traps, and bounding about the stage as if he were an indiarubber ball. The hard work he leaves to his son, George Conquest, junior, who will be the leading attraction of "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," announced for production on Christmas Eve. Sadler's Wells has hit on the same subject; but Mr. J. A. Cave, an old pantomime provider, promises "Jack in the Box" at the Elephant and Castle; and Mr. Oswald Allan has written a new version of "Cinderella" for the Pavilion at Mile-End. "Cinderella" will also be the subject of the Marylebone pantomime; and, as usual, Mrs. S. Lane provides a feast of good things at the Britannia, where the old amusement of pantomime is kept up with more spirit than at most of the adjacent playhouses. At the Britannia there is sure to be a good clown; and now that the Grecian in the City-road knows pantomime no more, and "The Eagle" has ceased to be a theatrical landmark, parties at the West-End are organised during the winter weeks to dine early at the club, and repair afterwards to Mrs. Sarah Lane's pantomime at the Britannia. And whilst in that direction the curious should not forget the Grand Theatre at Islington, where Mr. Charles Wilmot promises "Robinson Crusoe," with an excellent cast.

Covent-Garden takes the lead with the circuses. The management has spared no expense in engaging the best possible talent in this department of art. The Renz family are amongst those who are engaged, to say nothing of the fascinating Jennie O'Brien, with gymnasts and acrobats innumerable, and Gou-Gou, one of the funniest clowns on the Continent. Mr. Douglas Cox is the business director of this splendid undertaking; Mr. A. Henry, one of the most experienced men in his profession, is at his old post; and Mr. W. C. Levey will preside over the orchestra. To compete with Covent-Garden we shall have the complete Paris Hippodrome, with all their stag-hunts and pretty novelties, at the new Kensington Olympia, adjacent to Addison-road Station; and of course Mr. Charles Hengler's circus in Argyll-street will be as popular as ever with the youngsters home for the holidays. Once more at the Agricultural Hall the World's Fair will be held; and at all the music-halls special holiday attractions are announced.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The first sound of honest Christmas laughter was heard at the very place where it was least expected. What playgoer would dream of merriment at the Olympic Theatre, that grim and solemn establishment that has for a considerable time past been handed over to black Care, who has sat conscientiously behind each successive managerial horseman? But there was laughter, genuine hearty laughter, as distinguished from the occasional guffaw of the good-hearted, or the sycophantic and unreal applause of the "dead-head," when Mr. Edward Terry, refreshed with a successful journey through the provinces, came back to London with a new play called "The Churchwarden." Mr. Terry is the best exponent on the stage of comic despair. There is no actor on the stage whose misery is so grotesque and amusing. Good people generally get into scrapes in farces, and, of course, "The Churchwarden" is no exception to this sound rule. Daniel Chuffy is a pattern man, respected by his fellow-citizens, beloved by his wife, an oracle in the vestry, and a picture of virtue when he hands the plate round on Sundays. But Daniel Chuffy is within an ace of losing his character through an act of generous philanthropy performed in London, the object being a young, pretty, and very unprotected young lady. The suspicions of a leading parishioner are aroused. Chuffy's best friend seems to think that he smells a rat; the amiable wife and the pretty niece are not long kept out of the mystery, and dire domestic discord is promised until, of course, it turns out that Chuffy's error is capable of explanation, and that his character, as ever, is beyond reproach. To see Mr. Edward Terry wriggle and squirm out of all these domestic dilemmas is vastly entertaining. He is lithe, active, and at odd times ludicrously funny. He keeps up the spirit of the farce, which has been extremely well rehearsed; and his facial expression is as useful to the play as his own funny business, which illustrates the comic agony of a falsely suspected man. It is said that the little play is of German origin; but it has been so deftly altered that it will suit the playgoers of London as well as those of Berlin. The wretchedness of the innocent is ever a theme for general congratulation; and at the play we seem to laugh most at the mental misery of our fellow-creatures. If anyone can make the Olympic Theatre a popular playhouse again, Mr. Terry surely can, and, no matter what the result may be, he has had a good start. The company chosen to assist their chief, for "The Churchwarden" is to all intents and purposes a one-part play, has been carefully selected. Mr. Alfred Bishop is one of our most careful and painstaking young actors. He here appears as the pompous parishioner, or patron of the luckless churchwarden, and he makes him a very natural and characteristic personage. Miss Maria Jones is active and useful, if occasionally a little noisy, and Miss Cowper appears to be an actress of considerable cleverness and observation. She is new to the London stage, but has much confidence, and a very pretty presence. Mr. Terry has provided an excellent orchestra under the able direction of Mr. Hamilton Clarke, who provides a pleasant concert for those who arrive early in the evening. This considerate attention was rewarded on the first evening by a portion of the audience hissing a clever musical selection, for some absurd and idiotic reason best known to these vulgarians. We doubt if there is another country in the world where such bad taste could be found as is occasionally forced upon public notice in some of our London theatres. The wonder is, not that London should contain conceited egotists to hiss when some slight accident occurs on the stage, when an actor tumbles over a piece of furniture, or a nervous actress trips up over her dress, but that no voice is ever raised to put down the silly impertinence. These noisy geese who hiss when they are bored with a pretty piece of music, and disturb the rest of the audience, who are enjoying it, should be turned out by public acclamation. It is time that the nuisance should be put down, and with a firm hand.

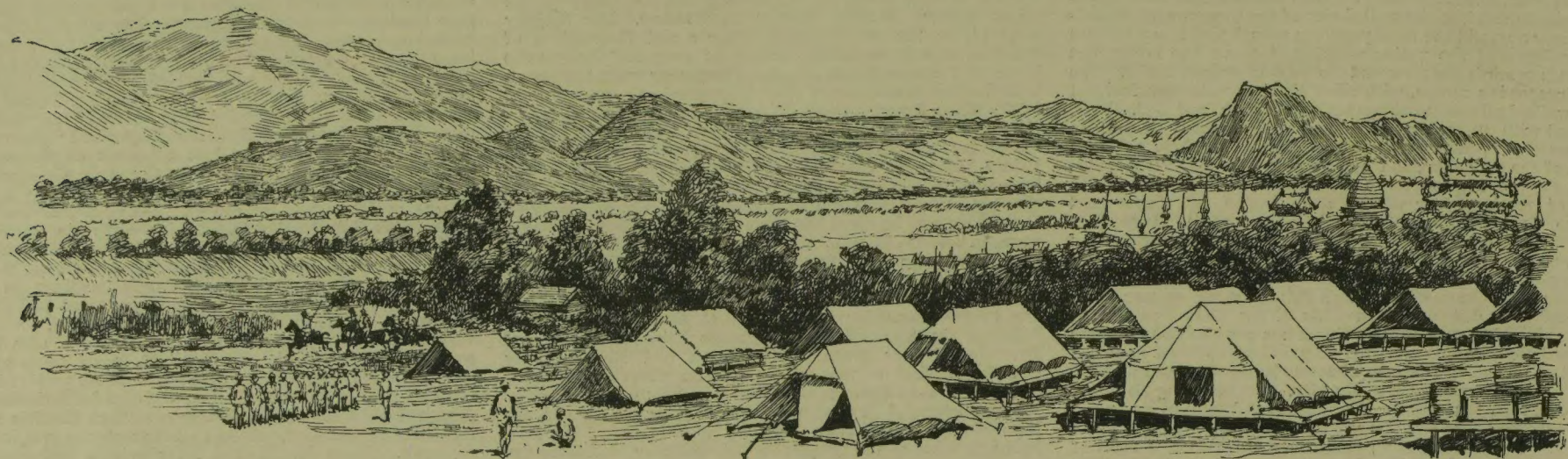
"The Friar," by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, at German Reed's, turns out to be a very scholarly and graceful piece of work. It is, in fact, a light blank verse poem, cleverly constructed, ingeniously arranged, and illustrated with finished and admirable lyrics. It is a strange circumstance that a play of this special character should only find a home at a place of entertainment that shudders at the thought of being classed with our theatres, and falls to the lot of those who, clever as they may be, are not trained to work of the kind, or at all practised in the execution of imaginative dramatic literature. But so it is. Mr. Carr may be congratulated on having met with so much encouragement at the hands of Mr. Alfred Reed and Mr. Corney Grain. He would certainly not have found it elsewhere. Managers protest that it is no part of their duty to educate public taste, and they are sufficiently reticent never to test it by any means in their power. If Mr. Henry Irving had traded on the assumption that the public taste was beneath contempt, we should have had no Shakspeare or Goethe at the Lyceum. Happily, there is one theatre that has not as yet been turned into a menagerie! The charm of such a play as "The Friar" is considerably assisted by the addition of the very graceful music that Mr. Caldicott has provided for it. Poetry, music, and costume are in happy accord, and it is to be earnestly hoped that educated society will patronise this little play during the holidays. If they do, it may be followed by others in the same vein, and so, gradually, an impetus will be given to the encouragement of literature on the stage. Dogs and horses, and tanks of water, cabs and champion scullers, are no doubt very attractive to the many, but it is just possible that amongst our millions some chosen hundreds will be found to applaud the iambs and elegiacs of Mr. Comyns-Carr, who is true to his love for the beautiful in art, and does not confine his observation to the streets or his imagination to the metropolitan area in the nineteenth century.

So far as can be seen, the matinée nuisance is endured to very little purpose. Afternoon after afternoon we are dragged out from our desks to see some wretched production that is not worth the paper on which it is written, and has probably been rejected by the majority of the practical managers. Observation would lead one to believe that the theatres at these trial trips, that occupy so many dismal afternoons, are wholly filled with the "profession," who can no more keep from the theatre than the retired soap-boiler from the shop on melting-day. The public is not interested in the least in plays that have not been produced in the ordinary course, and tested in the usual manner. Take, for example, "Bachelors' Wives," a farce that wasted several valuable hours at the Strand the other morning. Of what value could such a play be to the stage, and how could it interest anyone to see it, the subject being identical with that used for half-a-dozen farcical comedies during the past year? Plays of this pattern should be tried with closed doors. They are certainly not worth the sixpence we are compelled to pay for our programme.

Mr. Justice Grantham and Mr. Justice Stirling will be the Christmas Vacation Judges.

Anyone wishing to set the table in a roar at this festive season should get some cosques of Mr. Cremer, junior, at 210, Regent-street. These supper-table playthings create quite a furor of fun as the crackers yield up their mirth-provoking contents.

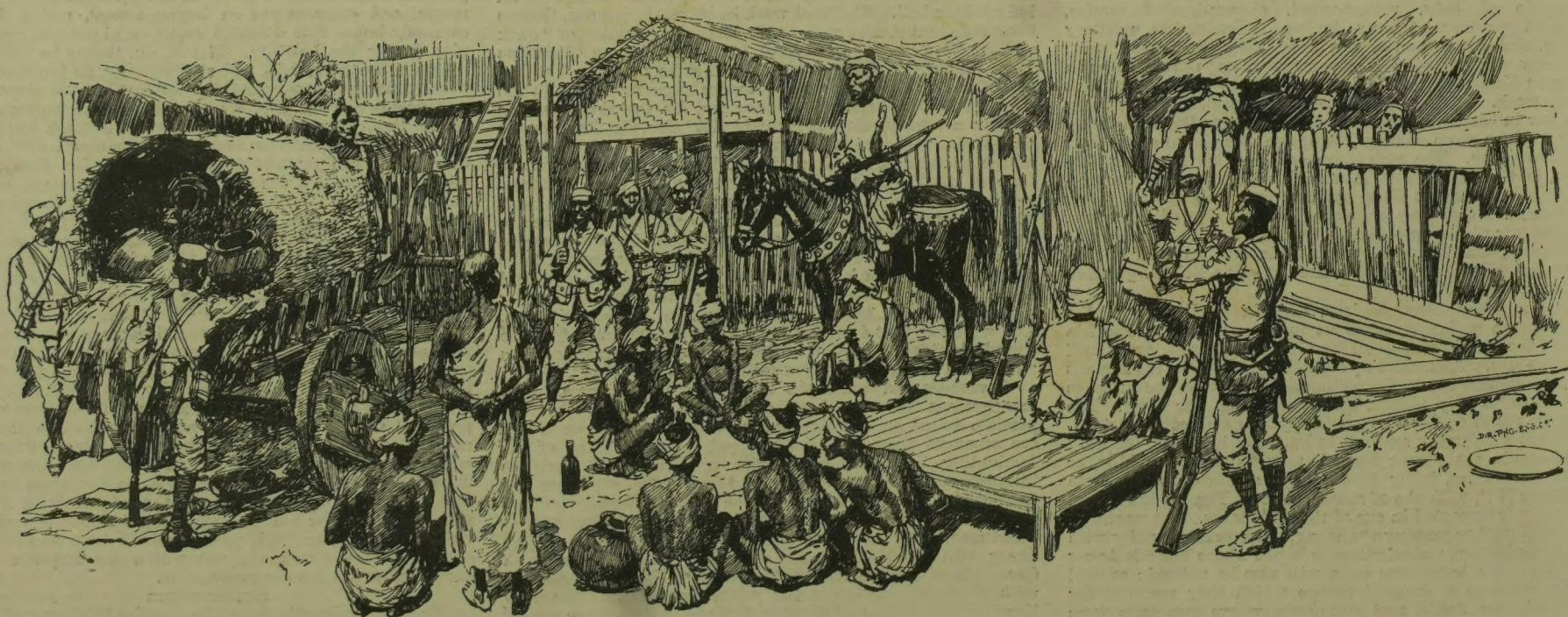
OUR TROOPS IN BURMAH: SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN C. PULLEY, 3RD GHOORKA REGIMENT.



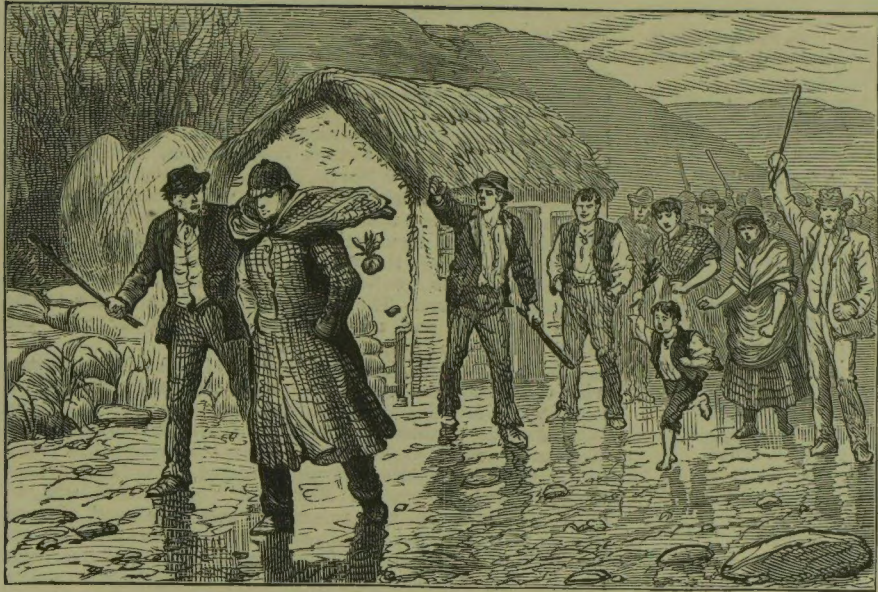
THE SHAN HILLS, SEEN FROM THE 3RD GHOORKAS' CAMP.



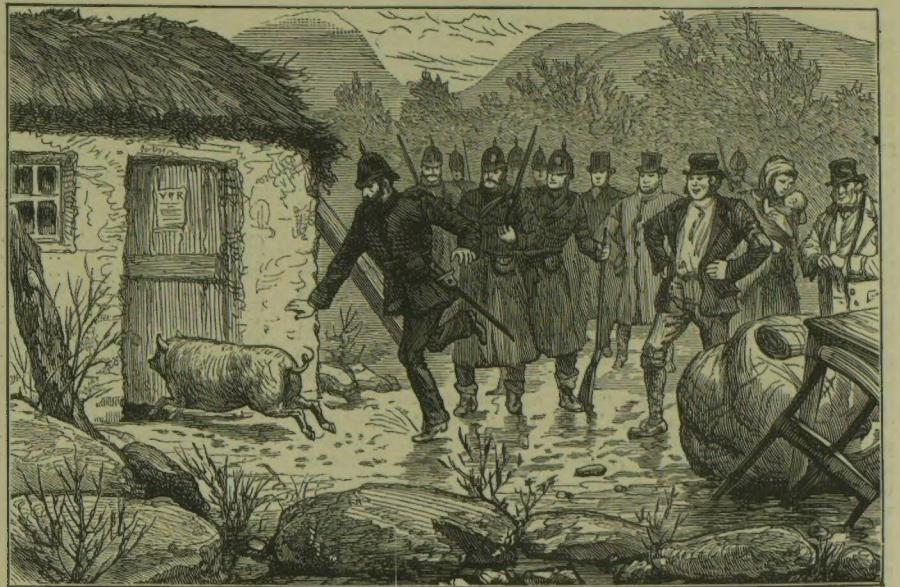
DETACHMENT OF GHOORKAS ON THE MARCH: CROSSING A "CHOUNG."



GHOORKAS SEARCHING A VILLAGE FOR ARMS.



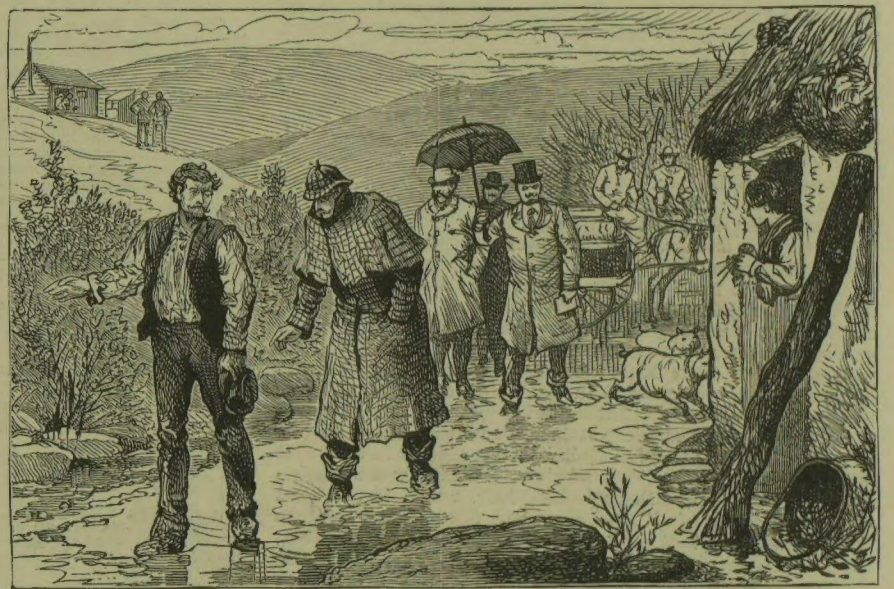
OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MISUNDERSTOOD BY THE CROWD.



REFUSING TO BE EVICTED.



TRIAL OF MOONLIGHTERS AT CORK: GUARD OUTSIDE THE JUDGE'S HOUSE.



OUR ARTIST VISITING THE LAND LEAGUE HUTS AT "COERCION HILL."

SKETCHES IN IRELAND: BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE BULGARIAN CRISIS: SEIZING ARMS AT THE JUNKER MILITARY SCHOOL, SOFIA.
SKETCH BY F. LACHMANN.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Mr. Gladstone's severe snub of "the ladies of Aston Manor," who intruded on him a memorial which bore over a thousand female signatures, and which expressed approval of his Irish policy, may be taken as a token that his opposition to the political enfranchisement of women is unabated. It will, doubtless, be interesting to the historian to find that there was, at any rate, one topic upon which Mr. Gladstone retained fixed opinions; but then it should be borne in mind that the persons who had an interest in inducing him to change his mind on that point had nothing to offer him in return. Neither votes nor violence will be forthcoming to help "the Irish policy" from the women who talk about "strengthening Mr. Gladstone's hands" by writing their names down as his sympathisers. No wonder that Mr. Gladstone only loftily replies to them that he "regrets that they (the ladies) should be called upon to take a part in the rude and contentious labours with which he has so long had to do"—the labours, that is, of political life. This sounds very like the counsel (translated into Gladstonese) of the old Earl of Pembroke to the Abbess and her sisters, who criticised his "rude and contentious labours." "Go spin, ye jades! go spin!" said the advocate of the subjection of women in those pre-penny-paper days. The milder-mannered hero of to-day only "regrets" that a thousand women should express an opinion of his doings. Perhaps in a very few years now we may progress so much farther that no man will venture to rebuke women, in however guarded terms, for uttering their views upon those great concerns which affect the interests of themselves and their posterity as much as they do those of the men of the nation.

Here is Christmas time, which we "grown-ups" find rather a bore, but which is consecrated, both by its associations and by custom, to the happiness of our children. For once in the way, I think I must write my paragraphs on purpose for the young folk home for their holiday amusement. I will tell them about the pantomime children, whom I went to see practising; and about some lovely Christmas cakes that I have inspected.

We must all have wondered when we went to see the pantomime at the clever way in which the troop of children engaged in dancing, and forming the side pieces in so many pretty scenes, did their work all together and so correctly. Well, I have been to see them at their school for this business. Madame Katti Lanner, the teacher, has about a hundred little girls under her; and I found them gathered together in a big hall, practising for the Drury-Lane dances. They were all in their everyday clothes. The youngest children were only five years old. There were not many so young, but those tiny ones seemed quite as much at home and as pleased with their work as the bigger girls did. Some of the more difficult parts, such as wearing the monkey masks, the littler children were not to do; but as soon as the music struck up, and the others began, you would see these little ones commence also, almost unconsciously, to caper about in good time and step. One of them was a sweet-looking little fair baby, with a bit of old gold plush for a collar, and white satin shoes on her feet—so smart! It was quite hard work for Madame Katti Lanner to keep that youngster sometimes out of the ring. Another was a bright-eyed little maiden, with coal-black hair, which is the most uncommon colour of all for hair to be. She told me that she lived at Lambeth, that she had no father, and that her mother, who always brought her to and took her from the school and the theatre, made dresses for the pantomime. Then there was another who lived at Camden Town. Her big sister brought her and took her home, and her father was a brick-maker. A third had a father who was a hammerman. All these, you see, were the children of poor parents; and so the ten shillings or more which the little ones earn may do a great deal towards making their own lives comfortable. Some of the most skilful and oldest of the girls earn as much as twenty-four shillings a week; but these have been studying for five or six years.

It looked very odd to see them doing all the dances with their every-day clothes on. There is one part where they take off some of their clothes as they dance. They put their bonnets down on the ground first, "and put them down softly, like good girls—not dash them down like naughty children in a temper," said their teacher. Then they take off their shoes. This they had only to pretend to do when they were practising; but one little girl, who had on an old pair of sand-shoes, such as you wear at the seaside, made a mistake and took them right off. However, she quickly shuffled them on again when the teacher reminded her that her stockings would soon be in holes if she danced in them without shoes. They all looked very happy, and seemed to think their work real fun, though I am sure they must get tired before the long day is over; but you cannot work at anything without growing fatigued at last, and the weariness of honest labour is not wholly painful. These children are never beaten. If one were naughty or idle, and would not obey orders, she would be sent away; and this would be a real punishment.

The Christmas cakes are all decorated with sugar devices and flags and toys, and you can look at one for ever so long before you notice all that there is on it. On a stand of white chalk, with a row of holly leaves and berries round it, I saw a noble cake, covered in white sugar, with pink sugar ornamentation. On the top was a good-sized table, with gold legs and a cloth of white satin made stiff by dipping in syrup. A Christmas-tree stood on the table, set in a green tub; it was loaded with sugar candles, and little drums of red satin with sugar ends, and sweet babies about as big as a thumb-nail. The large presents (most of them the size of a walnut or thereabouts) were placed on the table, and included a white sugar muff; a work-box in brown sugar, with the lid open, and tiny reels of coloured silks visible inside; a pair of white stockings with red "clocks"; and a soldier's high cap or "bearskin," as well as clever imitations of dollies and other toys, all done in sugar. Another cake had a perfect park on top of it: there was a castle, with battlements and a tower, and little walks laid out in brown sugar, amidst green sugar lawns, and shrubberies of trees, and a lady (I think she was made of paper) dressed in red satin and sitting on a seat, while a soldier in uniform was coming out of the castle, and, I believe, was going to seek the lady, who was hidden from him by the trees. I must only describe one more cake. This was constructed in three tiers or storeys. Top of all was a basket made of white net stretched out on green sugar supports, and filled with real white flowers. The first tier of cake, iced white with sugar, had a brown medallion made of chocolate fixed against it, on which appeared the Prince of Wales's coat of arms and feathers in white sugar. Then came a series of pink sugar pillars supporting that top storey, and resting at their base on the next tier lower, which bore on its chocolate medallion a white ship in full sail, and the Eddystone lighthouse. Then came more pillars; and the lowest storey of the cake, which was, of course, the largest one, was decorated with several chocolate medallions, each bearing a different device to represent one of our colonies. There was a kangaroo for Australia, and an ice palace for Canada, and an elephant for India, and an ostrich for the Cape, and so on. If this year's Christmas cakes are as nice to eat as they are amusing to look at, I am afraid there will be busy times for the family doctors soon!—F. F. M.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Now Publishing.

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LITTLE MISS MUFFET,

AND

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DEATH.

On Friday, the 17th inst., at his residence, Villiers House, Blackheath, S.E., Henry White, Esq., late treasurer (1871 to 1885) of Sir John Cass's Charity, in his 71st year, within fifty-one days of the death of his beloved and devoted wife, and to the inexpressible grief of his surviving son and daughter. Funeral at Charlton burial-ground on Christmas Eve at 1.30, leaving house at one p.m.

. The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CHRISTMAS LECTURES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN,

Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, W.
PROFESSOR DEWAR, M.A., F.R.S., will deliver a Course of Six Lectures (adapted to a Juvenile Audience) on THE CHEMISTRY OF LIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHY (with Experimental Illustrations), commencing on TUESDAY, DEC. 28, 1886, at Three o'clock; to be continued on Dec. 30, and Jan. 1, 4, 6, 8, 1887. Subscription (for Non-Members) to this Course, One Guinea (Children under Sixteen, Half-a-Guinea); to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas. Tickets may now be obtained at the Institution.

JEPHTHA'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

FAUST.—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST at Eight punctually. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Faust, Mr. Alexander; Martha, Mrs. Chippendale; Margaret, Miss Emery. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

MATINÉES.—FAUST.—SATURDAYS JAN. 1 and 8, 1887, at Two o'clock. Box-office now open.—LYCEUM.

STRAND.—Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.—Every Evening, at Eight, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. THE COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performances EVERY SATURDAY (except Christmas Day), and on Boxing Day, at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Chas. Terry.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS, 1886-87.
ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, REGENT-STREET and PICCADILLY.

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BOXING DAY, MONDAY, DEC. 27, at THREE and EIGHT,

and be continued

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AN ENTIRELY NEW AND BRILLIANTLY ATTRACTIVE

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THE COMPANY WILL ALSO BE GREATLY AUGMENTED

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FIVE THOUSAND SEATS,

whence everyone may see and hear with comfort.

Tickets and places can now be secured at Austin's Universal Ticket-office, St. James's Hall. Fenteuil's, 88, Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Area and Gallery, 1s.

No Fees of any description.

EGYPTIAN HALL, England's Home of Mystery (Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. N. Maskelyne). A most attractive CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME Daily, at Three and Eight.—Fenteuil's, 88, Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.; Children half-price (Balcony excepted).

MR. MASKELYNE has much pleasure in announcing that,

at very great expense, he has secured the exclusive services of the famous Hungarian Magician, BUATIER DE KOLTA, who will, for the first time in any country, present his latest and greatest invention, which he has entitled MODERN BLACK MAGIC; a series of beautiful mechanical, optical, and spectral effects, upon an entirely new principle, completely eclipsing the old school of conjuring.

BUATIER DE KOLTA'S MODERN BLACK MAGIC will

be presented Daily at 4.30 and 9.30. The Christmas Programme will also include the merriest of Maskelyne and Cooke's Mysteries, forming an Entertainment unprecedented for wonder, interest, and real enjoyment.

One of the most elegant and useful Christmas or New

Year's gifts is an album to contain photographs of our

friends. The "Bard of Avon" Album (registered), which is

published by Messrs. T. J. Smith and Downes, Queen Victoria-

street, will suit those who still prefer this kind of repository,

and whose literary taste is true to our great English poet.

The pages have floral decorations, composed of lilies, white and

red roses, violets, honeysuckle, pansies—"that's for thoughts"—

carnation, marigolds, holly, and mistletoe. These beautiful

garlands of nature are accompanied with extracts of a

few lines from familiar passages of Shakspeare alluding to

those particular flowers. The binding of the volume, in sober

brown leather, not flexible, but soft and slightly padded, is very

durable, yet agreeable to handle.—Another novelty in binding

is presented by Messrs. Sampson Low's Organ Edition of the

"Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer," with

music, edited by the late Mr. J. T. Cooper, of Christ's Hospital,

revised and enlarged. The cover-boards are plates of elastic

steel, sheathed in morocco leather, an invention patented by

Messrs. W. G. Stoneham and Co., of Peartree-court, Farringdon-

road, and called the "Pellisfort" binding.

THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE AGITATION.

A Government proclamation issued last Saturday denounces the "plan of campaign" of the National League as an unlawful and criminal conspiracy, and threatens all who join it with prosecution. This plan is defined as that of "soliciting and inciting tenants to refuse to pay rents to their landlords, and to pay the same into the hands of strangers and others who have no right thereto." For this offence, on Thursday last week, Government effected the arrest at Loughrea, in the county of Galway, of Messrs. John Dillon, M.P., William O'Brien, M.P., Matthew Harris, M.P., and D. Sheehy, M.P. It appears that a National League office was opened that day at Loughrea, and when the collection of rents was proceeding District-Inspector Davis and a party of police entered the premises and seized the money, books, and documents, and arrested the four gentlemen named, who were at the time acting as collectors. They were conveyed in a car to the police barracks, and a magistrate was sent for with the object of obtaining a remand for a week.

Our Special Artist in the south-west of Ireland contributes, with other Sketches, one of the scene in Blackrock-road, in the city of Cork, during the County Assizes, when the Judge's lodgings were guarded by the Royal Irish Constabulary. On Wednesday week, eight men of the labouring class were indicted for assembling at night armed, at Caheragh, near Castle Island, Kerry, on Nov. 23. The defence was an alibi for most of the prisoners, and prisoners' counsel impugned the constitution of the jury, commenting on the fact that twenty-two jurors were told to stand aside by the Crown. The jury found all the prisoners guilty of illegal assembly by night. Sentence was deferred; and on Saturday these eight men were sentenced each to eight months' imprisonment, and ordered to find bail for their good behaviour for three years. Nine other "Moonlighters" received a similar sentence; two were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment; and one, Thomas MacCarthy, who had posted threatening notices, got five years' penal servitude. Timothy Hurley, the occupant of the flax carding-mill at Castleview, near Clonakilty, who barricaded his premises against the Sheriff's officers and police, and repulsed them with stones and other missiles, was tried for the offence of having dynamite unlawfully in his possession; but the jury could not agree in a verdict, and the prisoner was therefore discharged from custody. This concluded the business of the Munster Assizes at Cork.

The other Sketches published this week represent a scene in the course of the service of legal writs and execution of the process of eviction; and the visit of our Special Artist to the huts erected by the National League at "Coercion Hill" for the accommodation of evicted tenants.

THE BULGARIAN CRISIS.

A candidate recently proposed for the Principality of Bulgaria, and considered acceptable to the Austrian and to the British Government, was Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, nephew to the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha, and cousin to the late Prince Consort of Great Britain and to the Princes of our own Royal family. His Serene Highness, who was born at Vienna in 1861, is an officer in the Austrian army, is wealthy, and is a person of considerable independence and cultivated tastes, devoted to the study of ornithology; he professes not to be desirous of reigning, but would accept the Bulgarian throne if duly elected, with the consent of all the great Powers, including Russia. It seems at present doubtful whether the Emperor of Russia will consent to the nomination, or whether objections will not be taken upon the ground that the existing Council of Regency in Bulgaria is illegally constituted, and cannot propose it to the Sobranjé or National Assembly; whose composition is also deemed by Russia to be irregular, as the annexation of Eastern Roumelia has not yet been formally legalised. The delegates of the Sobranjé to the other European Courts, Messrs. Stoiloff, Grecoff, and Caltcheff, have visited Berlin, where they were officially received on Sunday by Count Herbert Bismarck.

We mentioned last week the incident that took place at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, on the 24th ult., when a conspiracy to overthrow the Regency, and to seize the persons of the Regents, was discovered among the teachers and pupils of the "Junker" or upper-class Military School. The professors and military instructors concerned in this plot, who were also privy to the conspiracy of Aug. 21 against Prince Alexander, are Captain Tepavitcharoff, Captain Georzenoff, lately returned from Russia, Captain Belezoff, and three lieutenants. A certain number of the students of the Military School were persuaded to join in the treasonable attempt, and collected some of the arms kept in that establishment, which they deposited in the corridor adjacent to their bed-rooms. Information having reached the Government, Colonel Popoff, commandant of the city garrison, brought a battalion of troops, at ten o'clock in the evening, to surround the Military School, which he entered with a guard of soldiers, arrested the five Professors and some of their pupils, and took away the arms with which they had furnished themselves. Our Artist, M. Lachmann, has sent us a Sketch of the scene upon this occasion, which is among our Illustrations for the present week.

The rocket apparatus for saving life from shipwreck, of which an engraving appeared in our Number of the 4th inst., was the invention of the late Mr. Henry Trengrouse, of Cornwall.

The Berkshire memorial of the gallantry and devotion of the men of the 66th (Berkshire) Regiment, who fell at Maiwand and in the Afghan campaign of 1879-80, was unveiled last Saturday at Reading by Lord Wantage, V.C.

The Lord Mayor distributed the prizes to the 2nd London Rifles, at the Guildhall, last Saturday evening. Lieutenant-Colonel Cantlon, the commanding officer, gave a good report of the regiment.—On Wednesday the Lady Mayoress presented the prizes to the 15th Middlesex at Cannon-street Hotel.

We are requested to state that the steel plate of "Little Miss Muffet," after Sir J. E. Millais' picture, which is presented with our Christmas Number, was engraved by Mr. T. L. Atkinson; and that Mr. Cousins' work was limited to the "touched proofs" of the work.

In our notice of Miss Maud Naftel's "Flowers, and How to Paint Them," we expressed our regret that it was not stated by whom the excellent coloured drawings were designed and coloured. We are informed that they were executed for this volume by Miss Naftel herself.

Under the presidency of Sir C. Tupper, High Commissioner for Canada, a meeting of Commissioners and others connected with the administration of the late Colonial and Indian Exhibition, was held last Saturday, in the Prince's Room, in the building at South Kensington, to present to Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen a testimonial in recognition of his services as secretary to the Executive of the Exhibition. The testimonial consisted of a silver-gilt tea and coffee service, and on the tray was a suitable inscription; while to Sir Philip was also presented an address, engrossed on vellum, speaking highly of his services.

MUSIC.

THE LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The fifth of these performances, at St. James's Hall, took place last week, when the programme included two works that were given for the first time at these concerts. A concerto for the violin by Herr Gernsheim was rendered with high skill by Mr. Ondricek as the soloist. It was first introduced at a Crystal Palace concert some years ago. An actual novelty at last week's concert was a scena from an opera entitled "Wanda," composed by Mr. Charles Thane; a previous production by whom—a cantata, "The Last Sign of the Moor"—has gained favourable notice. The scena referred to comprises a recitative and prayer, in the latter of which are some pleasing and expressive melodious passages. The piece was well sung by Mr. Iver McKay. Other features of the programme do not call for notice. The sixth concert must be spoken of next week. A portion of the programme consisted of a selection from the works of Weber.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Saturday afternoon concerts are suspended, as usual, during the Christmas and New Year's festivities. The final concert of the year took place last week, when the programme was made commemorative of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Carl Maria Von Weber, by a selection from his works. Weber's three great operas, "Der Freischütz" (1820), "Euryanthe" (1823), and "Oberon" (1826), exemplify his wondrous power of rendering his genius reflective of the subjects with which it was associated, however different their character might be. Nor must Weber's early smaller production, "Preciosa," be forgotten. This work is not an opera but a melodrama, for which Weber supplied a few incidental pieces, in which the gipsy character is reflected as happily as are the characteristics of the larger compositions previously referred to. "Preciosa" was produced in 1820, and the beauty of the music makes it matter of regret that Weber did not afterwards expand his work into the proportions of an opera. By his pianoforte music—four solo sonatas, and one with clarinet; his three concertos, and various smaller pieces, and by some charming lieder—Weber has established his claim to rank as a great musical classic. His masses are melodious and graceful, but they never approach sublimity; and as a symphonist, he is nowhere, his specimens of this kind being unworthy of him.

Saturday's concert was perhaps as representative of the composer as might be in a limited selection. The orchestral pieces were the second symphony (in C) composed in 1807, and the overtures to "Der Freischütz" and "Oberon."

The second clarinet concerto (1812) and the "Concert-stück" for pianoforte, with orchestra (1821), were finely played, respectively, by Mr. G. A. Clinton and Herr Stavenhagen; Miss Margaret Gyde having given a brilliant rendering of the pianoforte solo known as "Il moto perpetuo" (the finale of the sonata in C). The vocal music consisted of two patriotic part-songs (1814) and the huntsmen's chorus from "Der Freischütz" (1820) by the male voices of the choir; gipsy choruses from "Preciosa" (the same date) by the full choir; the finale to the first act of "Euryanthe" (1823), with Mrs. Hutchinson as the principal soloist; and a concert-aria (1810), and the "Song of Nurmahal" (1826), both sung by Mrs. Hutchinson. The last-named piece has a peculiar interest, as being Weber's final composition.

The pieces performed at Saturday's concert were given in chronological order, thus affording a view of the progress of Weber's genius. Mr. Manns conducted.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society gave the third concert of the sixteenth season last week, when Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption" was performed, conducted by Mr. Barnby. The performance was a very fine one, especially in its choral details; the solo music having been effectively rendered by Madame Albani, Misses H. Wilson and M. Fenna, Mr. H. Piercy, Mr. Santley, and Mr. W. Mills.

The Monday Popular Concerts, and the Saturday afternoon performances associated therewith, at St. James's Hall, have ceased for a brief interval. A selection from Beethoven formed the programme last Saturday afternoon, that of the following Monday evening having been of a varied character. The concerts will be resumed on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 8.

The Sacred Harmonic Society performed "The Messiah" at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week. The solo vocalists were Misses A. Marriott and F. Harrison, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. B. Foote; Mr. Cummings conducting.

The Stock Exchange Orchestral Society recently gave the first concert of the fourth season.

Mr. W. Nicholl—a promising young tenor vocalist—gave the second of his recitals at the Portman Rooms on Thursday week; and, at the same time, Mr. A. H. Lindo gave his first pianoforte recital, at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street.

The performances of Mr. Mayer's French opera company at Her Majesty's Theatre closed with his benefit last Saturday evening, when Offenbach's opera bouffe, "La Grande Duchesse," was given.

The Heckmann string quartet party completed the historical performances at Steinway Hall on Saturday afternoon. Their programmes have offered interesting illustrations of the progress of the quartet from its first important development by Haydn down to the productions of the present day.

Mr. Ambrose Austin (of St. James's Hall) has announced a concert of great and varied attraction, at the Royal Albert Hall, on the afternoon of Boxing Day.

The new year will open with one of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, at St. James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon; followed by a performance of "The Messiah," by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, in the evening.

Lord Herschell has been elected treasurer of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn for the ensuing year, in succession to Lord Justice Cotton.

Messrs. T. J. and J. Smith's diaries, for commercial, professional, and home purposes, are in every variety of shape and size, ranging from folio to miniature editions for the waistcoat-pocket, so that no one who wants a diary of any sort, whether for business or domestic purposes, can fail to suit himself among the publications of this firm. They are conveniently arranged and bound, and are replete with every possible information essential for business or the home circle.

Sir Digby Murray and Captain Chetwynd, appointed by the President of the Board of Trade to inquire into the recent life-boat disasters off Southport, have presented their report. They are of opinion that in the one case the boat could not right herself because the anchor had been thrown out, and the men were holding on underneath. In the case of the St. Anne's boat, there was no evidence. They consider that greater safety could be attained by increasing the stability of self-righting boats, and find that in this respect they had been anticipated by the National Life-Boat Institution, who had already fitted about seventy-five boats with water ballast, and were rapidly increasing that number. The institution has resolved to send to Southport and St. Anne two new boats, with all the latest improvements, in addition to a large sailing life-boat, to be kept moored at the end of Southport pier.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

PILGRIM.—We are glad to hear from you again, and hope now to hear often.
F G B (Bath).—If in Problem No. 2224, Black play 1. P to R 4th, White mates on the third move by 2. B to K 8th, &c.
F L (Maryhill).—The published solution of No. 2224 is the only correct one.
W R RAILLE.—Your local friend was lucky in omitting the B from the problem.
C E P.—Black has no opportunity of capturing a Pawn en passant in No. 2224. See answer to D H S.
D H S.—When a Pawn is captured en passant, which can only be done when the Pawn captured has been moved two squares, the adverse Pawn is placed on the same square, as if the captured Pawn had been moved one square only. Hence in No. 2224 the White Pawn at K 5th is placed on Q 6th, discovering check to the Bishop.

INDAGATOR (Tunbridge).—The list of solvers below should satisfy you that No. 2227 can be solved in two moves.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from T J Stevens, F E P, Percy S Warren, and Henry Frau (Lyons).

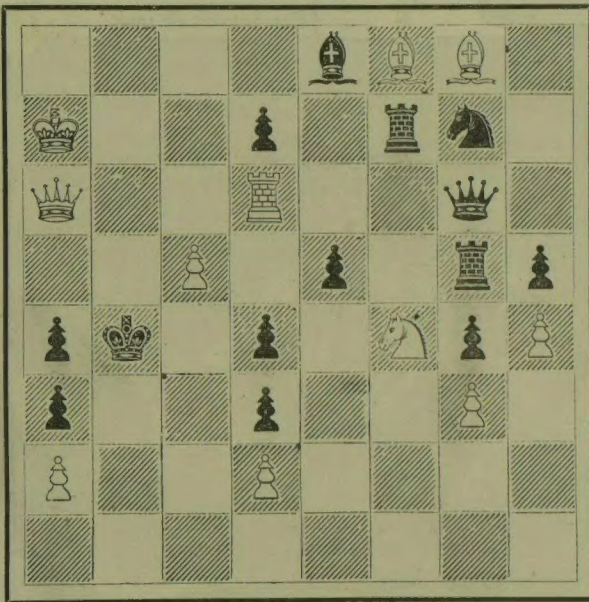
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2218, 2219, and 2220 received from O H B (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2220 from Thomas Duncan and J W Yallop (both of Cape Town); of No. 2222 from Amateur (Havana); of No. 2223 from C P (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2224 from S Monksky (St. Petersburg); of No. 2225 from J G C and Shadforth; of No. 2226 from Augusta Nicholson, E G Boys, J G C C, Emile Frau, J Stapleton, J O F, Columbus, Jack, Richard Murphy, Pilgrim, and T Roberts.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2227 received from North-lac, Q E D, E Featherstone, Oliver Icingia, W Heathcote, L Wyman, E Louden, J K (South Hampton), No Name, Henry Sweet, C Barragh, Home Ruler, Joseph Ainsworth, Thomas Letchford, R Twiddle, Thomas Chow, W R Rallem, N S Harris, E Casella (Paris), Julia Short, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, H D M, Shadforth, Laura Greaves, Otto Fulder, Jupiter Junior, E J Winter Wood, G W Law, W J (Victoria), W A P, H Lucas, H Wardle, E G Boys, C K (Edinburgh), W Hillier, T S Lindsay, Rev. Winifred Cooper, R Worters (Canterbury), E Blunck, Emile Frau, Q H Reeve, R H Brooks, C Oswald, Horward, L Desanges, S Bullen, C F Lewis, R J (Portadown), R L Southwell, L Falcon (Antwerp), C E Turner, Rev. W C Lee, C R Lee, A C Hunt, R S Sumner, W D Wight, T G (Ware), Minstrel, Hermit, Sergeant James Sage, (Edipus, E J Gibbs Junior, Percy R Gibbs, John S Thake, and W Huntley.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2228.

WHITE.
 1. Q to Kt 7th
 2. Q to Kt sq
 3. Mates accordingly.

NOTE.—If Black play 1. K to B 4th, White continues with 2. Q to Q R 7th, and, if 1. Pawn moves, then 2. Q to R 7th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2229.
By FRITZ HOFFMANN (Munich).
BLACK.

WHITE.
 White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS NUTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

In accordance with our usual custom at this season, we present our readers with a few selected Chess Nuts for Christmas. We have chosen positions published many years ago because they may be supposed to be unknown to many solvers of the present generation, and also because their style and construction may be instructively contrasted with more modern compositions. The first problem is the composition of Mr. S. Loyd, a young man, but a veteran composer. It was first published in this column in 1859, and the writer well remembers the sensation it caused in London chess circles, when it was announced by the late Mr. Staunton, a week after publication, that only one or two solutions had been received. It was then considered a very difficult problem, but we much doubt if solvers of the present day will indorse the judgment pronounced upon it twenty-seven years ago.

White: K at K 3rd, R's at K 8th and K R 4th, Kts at Q Kt 7th and K B 4th, B's at Q 8th and K R 5th; Pawn at K Kt 3rd. (Eight pieces.)
Black: K at K B 4th, Q at Q B 3rd, Kts at Q Kt sq and K R 3rd, B at K R 2nd; Pawns at Q 2nd and 3rd and K Kt 5th. (Eight pieces.)
 White to play, and mate in three moves.

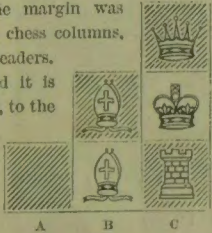
The next problem is by the same ingenious author, and first appeared in the *American Chess Monthly*, in 1858, when that excellent magazine was jointly edited by the late Paul Morphy and Mr. D. W. Fiske:—

Set the White pieces on the board as at the beginning of a game, and then place the Black King where he can be mated in three moves.

The style of the following problem is of German origin, and it was slightly in vogue here about twenty years ago. It never took root in England, however; probably because its scope for ideas is rather limited:—
White: K at K R 2nd, Q at Q 2nd, R at Q Kt 3rd; Pawns at K R 3rd, K B 2nd, and Q 6th. (Six pieces.)
Black: K at Q B 5th, Q at K Kt 2nd, R at K Kt 8th, Kt at Q R sq, B's at Q B 2nd and Q Kt 8th, Pawns at K R 3rd, K B 2nd, and Q R 4th. (Nine pieces.)
 White to retract his last move and mate on the move.

SOLITAIRE CHESS.

The ingenious puzzle on the diagram in the margin was published recently in several of the American chess columns, but it will probably be new to many of our readers. The pieces are to be moved as in chess, and it is required to get the King, now standing on C 2, to the left hand corner square, A 1, without playing it to B 2, in the fewest possible number of moves. It may assist our readers to state that the fewest number of moves in which we have ourselves reached a solution is twenty-six.



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Subscribers are specially advised to order the thick paper edition, the appearance of the engravings on the thin paper copies being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

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PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday, Dec. 20

The extraordinary Parliamentary Session of 1886 came to an end on Saturday, and during nearly a month the deputies will be unable to perorate, and drink sugar-and-water at the expense of the State. The newspapers announce the closure of the Session with joy, and their readers accept the news with a sigh of relief: for, however popular the Republic may be in France, every succeeding Ministerial crisis—and they are frequent enough—demonstrates more and more clearly that Parliamentary Government is a delusion and a snare—at least, in modern France. The past Session, for instance, has executed nothing of any importance: it has voted a tyrannical Education Bill, overthrown a good working Cabinet for the mere fun of the thing, and separated without voting the Budget. Provisional twelfths will enable the new Cabinet to pay the bills of Madame France during the first few weeks of 1887.

Madame France, by-the-way, in spite of the legendary bad state of her finances, seems always to have plenty of money for pleasure and for charity. On Saturday, a fête of military gymnasts and firemen at the Hippodrome brought a total receipt of 20,000f; and the previous Thursday, at the Opéra, the rehearsal of Sardou's new opera, "Patrie," produced nearly 100,000f., the orchestra stalls being sold at £4 each;—and all this for the benefit of the victims of the floods in the south of France. "Patrie" promises to be an immense success, the music, by Paladilhe, being very modern and original. As a spectacle "Patrie" is most brilliant, and the ballet is superb.

M. Léon Say was received at the French Academy with the usual ceremony on Thursday, and delivered the usual panegyric of his two predecessors, Edmond About and Jules Sandeau.

Having survived his fast of fifty days, Stefano Merlati has begun to eat, or, as his Barnum puts it, to make "experiments in alimentation," to which the public is admitted at 2f a head. Yes; it appears that there are some people foolish enough to pay 2f to see a fellow-creature eat a cutlet! Succu, by means of his opiated liquor, has reached his twenty-first day of fasting without inconvenience, and exhibits himself nightly at the Eden Theatre in the performance of fencing and gymnastic exercises.

Madame Jane Dieulafoy has just published, in a finely illustrated folio, the narrative of her journey in "La Perse, la Chaldée, et la Susiane" (1 vol. Paris: Hachette and Co.), made in 1881 and 1882 in company with her husband, M. Marcel Dieulafoy. The story of this journey is most interesting, and full of new and curious observations of Persian art, life, and manners. The volume ends with the first visit to Susa. Since then, in 1884-5 and 1885-6, M. and Madame Dieulafoy have made two journeys, to Susa, and conducted a series of excavations which have led to the discovery and reconstitution of the Palace of Artaxerxes, the great King, and to the enrichment of the Louvre with some three hundred cases of Susiana antiquities, which are now being slowly arranged in the galleries of the museum. Madame Dieulafoy is preparing a companion volume to the one under notice, and it will contain a detailed narrative of the most curious, arduous, and even dangerous excavations of Susa in which she took such an active part. The French Government, it will be remembered, recognised the energy and extraordinary enterprise of Madame Dieulafoy by conferring upon her the Cross of the Legion of Honour a few weeks ago.

A sign that the year is coming to an end. Last week the thirteen civil Chambers of the Paris Court of Appeal pronounced three hundred and thirty decrees of divorce. Annual stock-taking and clearance sessions!

T. C.

The Spanish Cortes closed on Wednesday, and meet again on Jan. 12.

The committee of the German Reichstag on the Army Bill adopted an amendment reducing the number of men proposed by the Government, and reducing also their period of service from seven to three years. The Reichstag has adjourned until Jan. 4.

The Second Chamber of Holland discussed the Naval Budget on Saturday, and adopted an amendment suppressing the vote for three torpedo-vessels, in the face of the declaration of the Minister of Marine that he could not assent to it. The Minister, in view of the adverse vote, moved the suspension of the debate, saying that he could not, under the circumstances, carry out the provisions of the Budget.

Last Saturday arrangements for widening the Suez Canal were concluded between the Egyptian Government and the Suez Canal Company.

M'Quade, the ex-Alderman of New York who was convicted of bribery in connection with the Broadway Railway case, has been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, and ordered also to pay a fine of five thousand dollars.

Canseau, Nova Scotia, has been put in direct circuit with New Westminster, British Columbia—an unbroken land line of 4600 miles, over the wires of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

A telegram from Mandalay informs us that Brigadier-General Low has stormed and taken the head-quarters of Boshway, who retreated into the jungle with his followers.

The Victoria Parliament was prorogued on the 16th inst. by the Governor, Sir Henry Brongham Loch, who, in his speech on the occasion, reviewed the work of the past Session.

A large block of buildings in Napier (New Zealand) has been destroyed by fire.

More than five thousand persons witnessed the annual football-match at Blackheath, last Saturday, between the North and South of England. The result was a victory for the South by a goal and a try to two tries.

Last Saturday the spot-barred billiard-match between Roberts and A. Bennett, in which the former conceded 5000 in 12,000, was concluded, and resulted in the defeat of Roberts by 275 points.

The Lord Mayor unveiled last week the new statue of Queen Anne erected at the top of Ludgate-hill, in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. The statue is of marble, and on each side of the stone pedestal are inscriptions stating that the original statue was built in 1712, and that this replica was erected by the Corporation of London in 1886.

A public meeting in aid of the movement for raising £100,000 to meet the deficiency in the funds of Guy's Hospital caused by the agricultural depression was held at the Mansion House on Monday, the Lord Mayor presiding. The Duke of Cambridge, Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of Rochester, Mr. L. De Rothschild, Mr. Gibbs, president of the institution, and Mr. Lushington, treasurer, addressed the gathering. Subscriptions were announced amounting to about £17,000.

At the moment of going to press with this week's issue—long after, as we thought, the downpour of Christmas and New Year cards had ceased—came a packet of these seasonable gifts from Messrs. J. F. Schipper and Co., art publishers, of King-street, Covent-garden. A notice of them cannot well be postponed till next week, and we have only room now to say that they are, like all the productions of this firm, excellent specimens of colour-printing, various in design, and in good taste—some of them being printed on satin.

The Thought-Reader of Angels

We hev tumbled ez dust
Or ez worms of the yearth;
Wot we looked for hez bust!
We are objects of mirth:
They have played us—old Pard of the river!—they hev played us
for all we was worth!

Was it euchre or draw
Cut us off in our bloom?
Was it faro, whose law
Is onsartin ez doom?
Or an innocent "Jack pot" that—opened—was to us ez the jaws of
the tomb?

It was nary. It kem
With some sharps from the States.
Ez folks sez, "All things kem
To the fellers ez waits";
And we'd waited six months for that suthin'—had me and Bill Nye—
in such straits!

(Reported
by
TRUTHFUL
JACKES.)
by
Bret Harte.



It was dreamlike and weak.

And it kem. It was small;
It was dream-like and weak;
It wore store clothes—that's all
That we knew, so to speak;
But it called itself "Billson, Thought-Reader"—which aint
half a name for its cheek!

He could read wot you thought,
And he knew wot you did;
He could find things untaught,
No matter whar hid;
And he went to it, blindfold and smiling, being led by the hand
like a kid.

Then I glanced at Bill Nye,
And I sez, without pride,
"You 'll excuse us. We've nigh
Onto nothin' to hide;
But if some gent will lend us a twenty, we'll hlide it whar
folks shall decide."

It was Billson's own self
Who forked over the gold,
With a smile. "Thar's the pelf,"
He remarked; "I make bold
To advance it, and go twenty better that I'll find it without
being told."



He turned, and lit out
Through the door where Nye fled?



That minute Nye sloped!



He drew from Nye's pocket that twenty.

Then I passed it to Nye,
Who repassed it to me,
And we bandaged each eye
Of that Billson—ez we
Softly dropped that coin in his coat pocket,
ez the hull crowd around us could see.

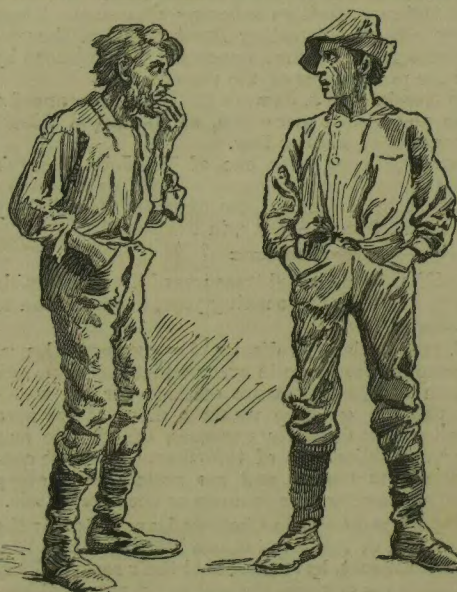
That was all. He'd one hand
Locked in mine. Then he groped.
We could not understand
Why that minit Nye sloped,
For we knew we'd the dead thing on Billson—
even more than we dreamed of or hoped.

For he stood thar in doubt
With his hand to his head;
Then he turned, and lit out
Through the door where Nye fled;
Draggin' me and the rest of us arter, while we
larfed till we thought we was dead,

Till he overtook Nye
And went through him. Words fail
For wot follers! Kin I
Paint our agonised wall
Ez he drew from Nye's pocket that twenty wot
we'd sworn was in his own coat tail!

And it was! But, when found,
It prove'd bogus and brass!
And the question goes round
How the thing kem to pass?
Or, if passed, woz it passed thar by William;
and I listens, and echoes "Alas!"

"For the days when the skill
Of the keards was no blind,
When no effort of will
Could beat four of a kind!
When the thing wot you held in your hand, Pard, was
worth more than the thing in your mind!"
BRET HARTE.





Sweetest of blessings sacred Christmas sends,
The gift of Him from whom our blessings come,
Is when dear bonds of kindred, sealed on high,
Are yearly owned in love of Home's own friends,
Of Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters—Why
Should any Girlhood be denied a Home?

A FOUNDLING'S CHRISTMAS.
DRAWN BY MARCELLA WALKER.

Are these girls Orphans? Are their Parents dead?
Beat nowhere some young hearts with kindred blood?
Alas! they know not. Want, or Shame, has hidden
Their birth and family. Let this be said—
Kind Captain Coram, by Christ's Spirit bidden,
Built them a Home. God saw that it was good.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 13, 1886), with a codicil (dated Oct. 22 following), of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Porrett, Baron Monkswell, P.C., late of Monkswell House, Chelsea Embankment, who died on Oct. 27 last, at Grasse, near Cannes, France, was proved on the 10th inst. by the Right Hon. Robert, Lord Monkswell, and the Hon. John Collier, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £82,000. The testator bequeaths £11,000 to his son John, in addition to the sums given to or settled upon him in his lifetime; £8000, upon trust, for his daughter Margaret; an annuity of £100 to his sister, Mrs. Pipon; and legacies to nieces, butler, late wife's maid, and head housemaid. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his eldest son, Robert, who has succeeded to the title.

The will (dated May 27, 1885) of Colonel Tom Naylor-Leyland, J.P., late of Nantelwyd, Denbighshire, and of Hyde Park House, Knightsbridge, who died on Aug. 26 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Charles Scarisbrick and Philip Henry Chambers, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £241,000. The account of this will which has appeared in some of the papers being imperfect and incorrect, we now give a correct and complete report. The testator bequeaths all his jewellery, and the wines, plate, pictures, furniture, books, linen, china, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, at his residences, Nantelwyd, Hyde Park House, and Haggerston Castle, Northumberland, or at any other residence he may have, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Naylor-Leyland; £5000 to his niece, Mrs. Florence Rachel Thérèse Laura Blackett, free of duty; and £100 to each of his executors who may prove. The coach-houses and buildings adjoining Hyde Park House he leaves to his father, Thomas Leyland, for life, and at his death to the uses declared in the settlement of Hyde Park House and other hereditaments. His house at Nantelwyd, and all other his real estate, he devises to trustees, upon trust, to keep on foot certain policies, and to pay the remainder of the income to his wife, for life; subject thereto, the said real estate, at his wife's death, is to be held, upon further trust, for his children, or more remote issue, as she shall by deed or will appoint. In default of any such appointment, he settles the same upon his son, Herbert Scarisbrick Naylor-Leyland. All his copyhold and leasehold property are to be held upon similar trusts. The residue of his personal estate is directed to be laid out in the purchase of manors, lands, and hereditaments, held for an estate of inheritance in fee simple, to devolve in the same manner as his devised real estate.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1882), with two codicils (dated Feb. 13 and May 13 following), of Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher, late of The Avenue, Colchester, Essex, who died on Oct. 6 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by the Rev. Edward James Reeve, James Inglis, and Thomas Nottidge, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £95,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Essex and Colchester Hospital, and the Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles, Essex Hall, Colchester; and many legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the children of her late brothers, George and Edward Nottidge, and to her niece, Margaretta Harrison, equally.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1879) of Major James Johnes Bouchier, late of Felthorpe Hall, Norfolk, who died on Sept. 8 last, at Brighton, was proved on the 4th inst. by Mrs. Harriette Anne Bouchier, the widow, and sole executrix, the

value of the personal estate amounting to over £47,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, effects, horses and carriages to his wife; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and then to be equally divided amongst his children.

The will (dated April 27, 1882) of Mr. John Rivington, late of Babbacombe, Devon, who died on Oct. 30 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by the Rev. John Alfred Rivington, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator bequeaths all his English stock of the Stationers' Company to his wife, Mrs. Harriett Rivington; £10,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children by her; but if there should be only one such child, it is not to receive more than £5000; and there are also some specific gifts to his wife and children. He also bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for each of his daughters Anna Margaret and Bertha Sydney; and £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Amy Caroline. The residue of his property he leaves between his said son, John Alfred, and his daughters Anna Margaret and Bertha Sydney.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1884), with two codicils (dated March 3, 1885, and July 21, 1886), of Mr. George Clowes, F.R.G.S., F.R.S., formerly of Duke-street, Stamford-street, printer, but late of Surbiton, who died on the 3rd ult., was proved on the 29th ult. by William Charles Knight Clowes and Winchester Clowes, the sons, and William Buller Heberden, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator bequeaths 200 shares in William Clowes and Company, and all his stock in the Stationers' Company, equally between his daughters, Mary, Alice Ada, and Elizabeth Sally; £3000, and 150 shares in the said company, to his son George; 150 shares in the same company, to his son Charles, in addition to the provision made for him in his lifetime; and £100 to his son Winchester, for whom he makes no further provision, having already provided for him. There are also some specific bequests to children; and legacies to his executor, Mr. Heberden, and to servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves two thirds to his son William Charles Knight, and one third to his son Edward Arnott.

The will (dated June 5, 1878), with four codicils (dated May 31, 1882; May 10, 1883; Sept. 9, 1884; and Jan. 10, 1885), of Mr. Ralph Neville-Grenville, late of Butleigh Court, near Glastonbury, Somersetshire, who died on Aug. 20 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by Mrs. Julia Roberta Neville-Grenville, the widow, and Robert Neville and Hugh Neville, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator leaves Corville House, Butleigh, and all the messuages, lands, and hereditaments conveyed to him after January, 1870, pecuniary legacies amounting together to over £6000, certain carriages and horses, and furniture, plate, and effects to the value of £500 to his wife; his house in St. James's-place is directed to be sold, and the proceeds to pass with his residuary personal estate; and the residue of his real estate to his son Robert. There are many pecuniary and specific legacies to children and other relatives, friends, and servants; and the residue of his personal estate he gives to all his children, except his eldest son, equally.

The will (dated March 17, 1879), with two codicils (dated May 12, 1884, and May 3, 1886), of Mr. Richard Booth Smith, late of Huxley Farm, Edmonton, who died on May 25 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by John Smith, the son, Sampson Hanbury,

and Thomas Aggs, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator, after giving a few legacies, leaves all his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust to be divided into three equal parts, one of which he gives to his said son; and one, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Emily Hanbury and Mary Leedham Smith.

ART STUDENTS' LIFE IN PARIS.

"Messieurs les étudiants"—to quote a well-known song of the time when the Chaumière was a flourishing institution—have always been a lively and merry company in Paris, too apt, we confess, to mix up their play with their serious work; but when a young Frenchman does resolutely set his mind on the object of professional education, no German, and certainly no Englishman, is capable of more effective progress in its special study and practice. The French school of artists, if their genius be rather of adaptive and executive skill than of the higher imaginative conception, attain unsurpassed mastery of certain technicalities as draughtsmen, and this is not achieved without years of intense application, guided by that spirit of methodical precision which is the intellectual characteristic of their nation. It would therefore be unjust to condemn as mere idlers these roystering youths, whose occasional sportive recreations in the atelier, sketched by an Englishman who has witnessed and shared in their fun, are delineated on a page of our Illustrations. "When the cat's away, the mice will play," even in the sanctum of a grave Professor who chances to be absent from his class of pupils; and here, in the largest private school of art in Paris, which has, in the winter season, two or three hundred students enrolled, half of them English or American, more or less punctual in attendance at different hours, brief intervals of diversion are enjoyed with peculiar zest. The place is turned upside down for half an hour, and becomes a playground for harmless freaks and frolics, with a din of shouting and singing in several languages, the Italian models contributing their sonorous voices, which only the ears and brains of robust youth can endure. Yet there may be veterans of fifty years, as well as boys of fifteen, and students of all intermediate ages, in this fraternal assembly, working often steadily side by side, and equally disposed to indulge just now in a little relaxation. Rough criticism of each other's attempts in art is not unfrequent, and may, in the case of a gross bungler, even be carried to the point of ignominiously "skying" his picture, by hoisting the easel and all. The young man who is too stupid or too sullen to take a joke as he ought may be sentenced, "for his sins," to do penance up a ladder; but sometimes one is found willing, for the sake of raising a laugh, to be put in the pillory for an offence that he merely pretends to have committed; there is no false pride in the heart of the genuine student. Nor does international jealousy disturb their mutual goodwill; and the outburst of patriotic feeling, in the singing contest between "French and English," threatens no breach of the peace. A painter's duel with the brushes is occasionally got up, when two new-comers are persuaded to engage in single combat; and the use of certain pigments, crimson lake and Prussian blue, produces the most ghastly effects on their faces and naked breasts, while the affair is innocent of bloodshed. The entrance of the professor, of course, instantly restores order and silence.

By an order from Sir Charles Warren, Chief Commissioner of the Police, the muzzling of dogs has been revoked.

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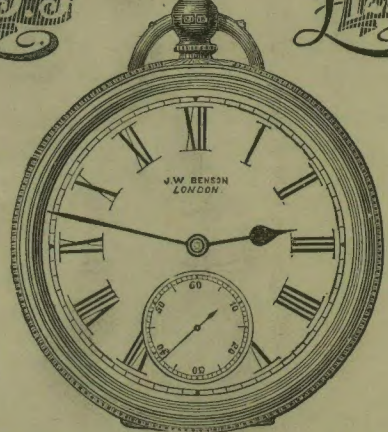
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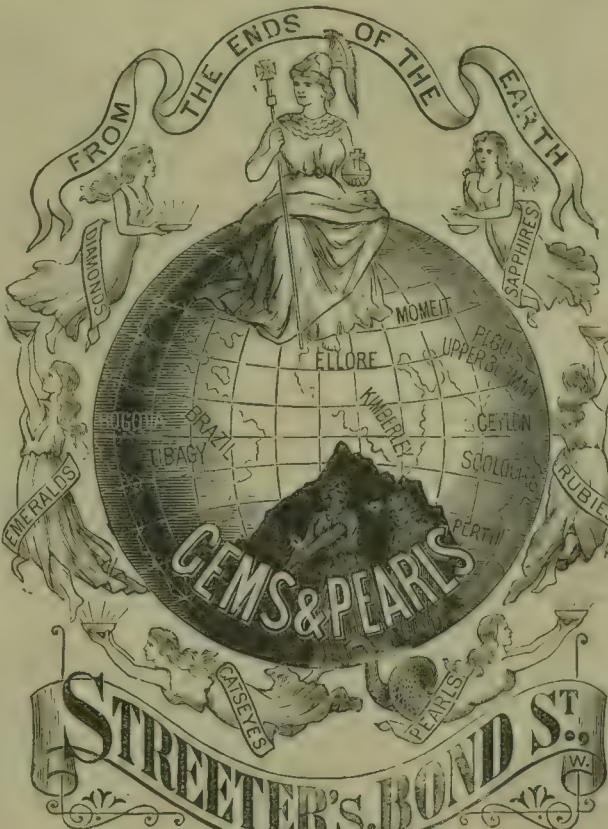
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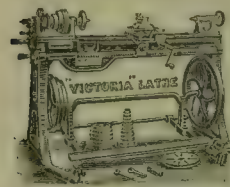
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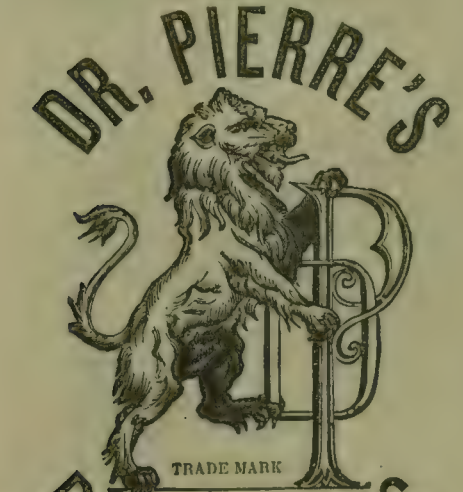
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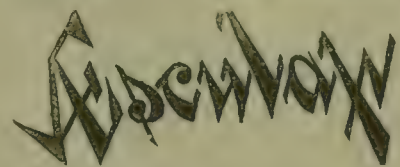


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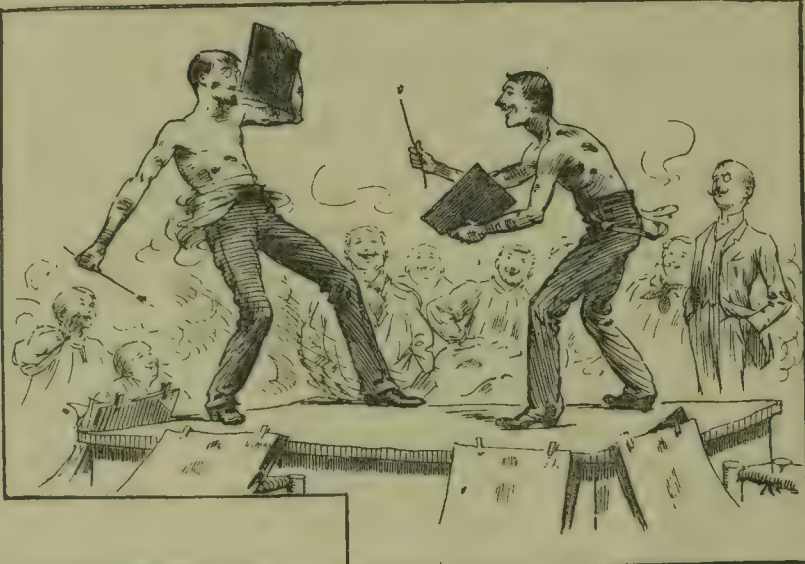
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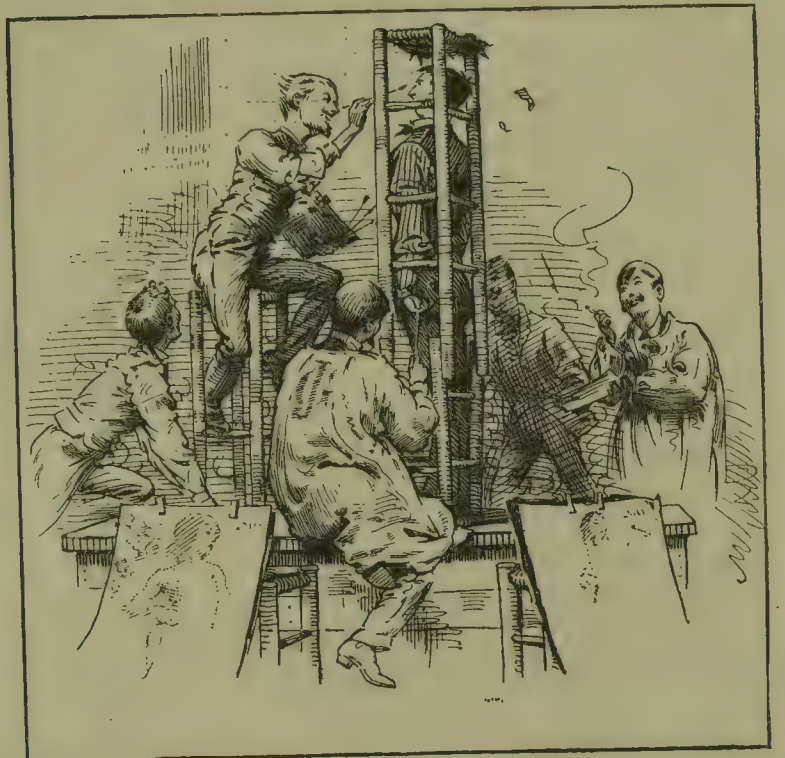
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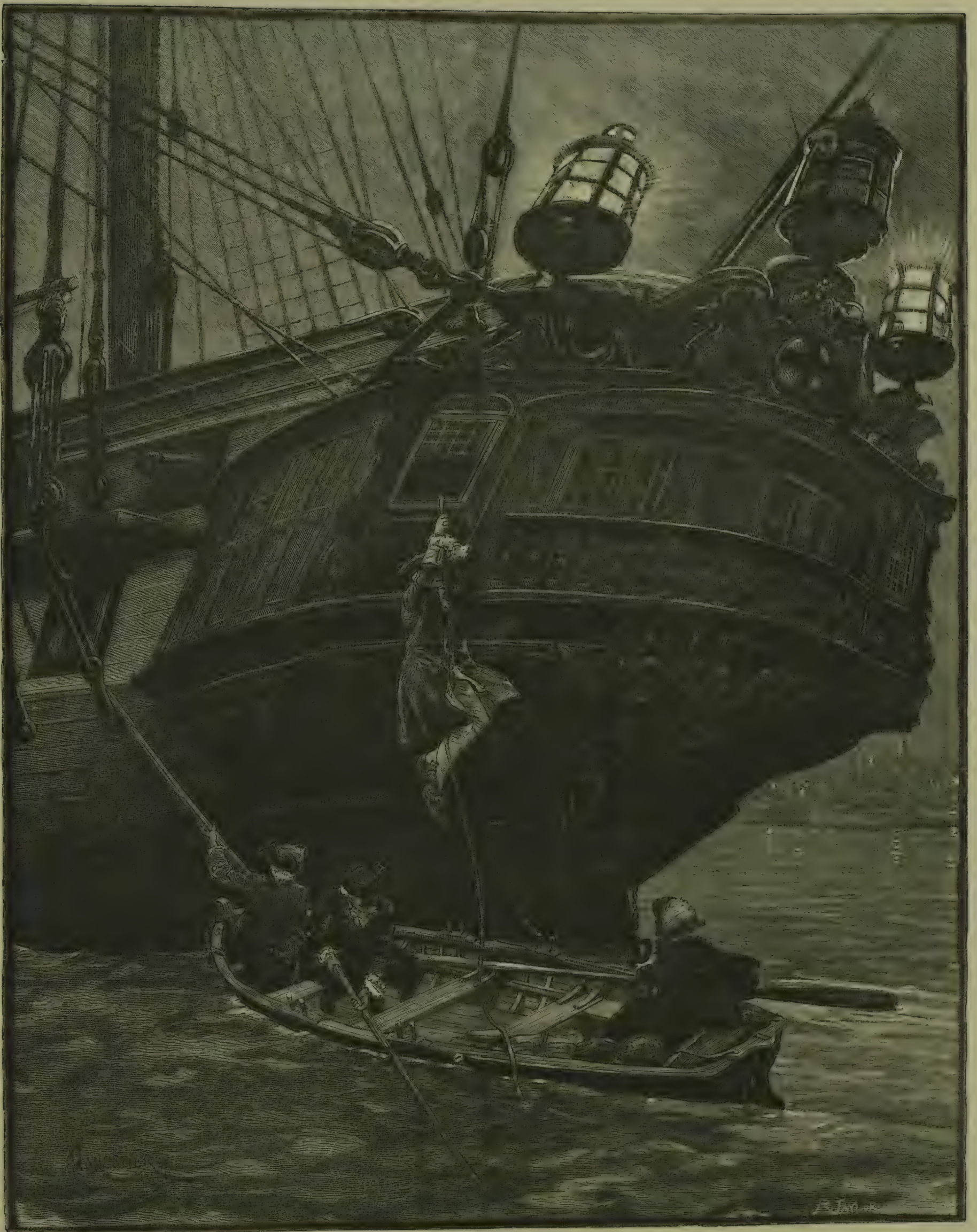
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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

The end of a rope fell into the water close beside the boat, and then, hand under hand, our prisoner came swiftly down.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." BY WALTER BESANT.

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBION," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW BESS WENT AWAY.

It was only three weeks after the sentence that the condemned man received a summons to prepare himself for his execution, which was fixed for Monday, February the Twenty-third. This was a shorter space between sentence and execution than was awarded to the unhappy Admiral Byng, who had eight weeks in which to prepare himself for death. However, Jack complained not, and received the announcement in a becoming spirit, and presently sent a letter to my father, who lost no time in visiting him, and continued daily to visit him until the day of execution.

Now, here I have to write down a strange thing, and one which is hardly to be credited. From the day of his trial (when, as I have said, the Court was crowded with ladies) to the day before the execution, the ship was visited every day by ladies curious to see, and if possible, to converse with, this young and unfortunate officer. But he would not receive any. Nay, every day letters came to him full of tender messages and of prayers, some of them entreating him to grant them an interview, some openly declaring their passion for him, some humbly asking for a lock of his hair, or a line in his handwriting, some begging him to observe secrecy in his replies, and some offering their services in high quarters to procure him a pardon or a reprieve. To none of these letters did Jack reply a word, but tore all up and threw the fragments from his cabin window. One day, however (it was after the day had been fixed for carrying out the sentence), there came on board a lady who would take no denial, but wrote down her name upon the back of a playing card and peremptorily ordered that it should be taken to the prisoner. She was very finely dressed, and they took her for a great lady, and obeyed her, taking the card to the Captain's cabin. She was so quick, however, that she followed the messenger, and so forced her way in.

"My handsome Jack!" she cried, but stopped short, because she found another woman with him.

"Madam," said Jack, rising, "this is an unexpected honour."

"I came, Captain," she said, "because we are old friends, and because I would fain help thee if I can."

"No one can, Madam."

"And because if I cannot, thou mayst still help me."

"You may command me, Madam."

"Nay," she said, looking still at Bess, "why so formal, Jack? 'Tis terrible to think that in a few days"—

"Madam, my time is short; pray remember that, and be brief."

"Why, Captain," she laughed, "'twas but a little thing; and perhaps this lady will grant me five minutes alone"—

"It needs not," said Jack; "you can speak openly before her."

"In that case it will be needless. Yet I will try. Captain, thou art condemned to die. 'Tis sad, indeed. Yet 'tis true. Now consider my case. I am deeply in debt. I have quarrelled with my Lord. Marry me, and so take my debts off my back. Nay, Madam—for Bess sprang to her feet, "be pacified. 'Tis but an empty form that I ask. He shall marry me, and I will retire with the clergyman, and so he will free me at a stroke of all my debts."

"Madam," said Jack, before Bess could find time to speak, "you are unfortunately too late. It is impossible that I could gratify you in this request, because I am married already. This lady is my wife—my most unfortunate wife."

"Oh, Madam!" said the actress, with a deep curtsy, "I beg humbly to be forgiven! Believe me, I did not know. Well, Captain," she heaved a sigh, "of all the men I have ever known thou hast gone nearest to make me think I have a heart. My poor Jack!" She seized his hand and kissed it. "Oh, Madam," she turned to Bess, "I thought not of this. I thought I should find him over a bowl of punch, drinking away his care. Alas! I remember you now. You loved him, and. . . I remember you. . . Poor child! Who shall comfort thee?"

So she stole away, weeping, and left them alone. It was, indeed, true. The first service which Jack had asked of my father was to marry him to Bess Westmoreland. It was done secretly in the cabin, with no other witnesses than myself and the First Lieutenant, Mr. Colin Macdonald. So Bess got her heart's desire, and the old witch's prophecy proved true, that in the midst of troubles she should marry the man she loved. But what a marriage! After this my father, as I have said, visited him daily, and every morning asked the prayers of the congregation for one about to die.

Then, as day followed day, and there wanted but two or three more, Bess became still more strange in her manner, showing a restlessness and impatience so that she could no longer remain quiet for five minutes together, but must needs be pacing backwards and forwards, not crying or lamenting, but with burning face and eyes afire.

The sentence was to be carried out on the Monday morning. On Sunday, with a heart as heavy as lead, I prepared to say farewell.

I went on board about ten o'clock, at the time of morning prayers. Bess was already in the cabin, seated at the window, which was open, though the morning was cold, her face pressed against the bars. Jack was at the table writing a letter for the Admiral.

"It is nearly finished, dear lad," he said, looking up with a smile. "Courage! The worst was over when the trial was done. To die would be nothing—but for leaving Bess. Be kind to her, Luke; be kind to her."

I looked to see her burst into tears. But no—she listened without a tear or even a sob. "This night, after I have parted with her, will be long, I fear. Your father hath comforted me greatly in the matter of religion, wherefore I have now a sure and certain hope, if I may humbly say so, though hitherto I have thought little of these matters. It is a blessed thing for thoughtless sailors that we have a Church to rule our faith, and forms of prayer to save our souls. He will come to-morrow, for the last prayers, before seven. At eight, the boats of the ships in port will surround the ship, the death-signal will be displayed, a gun will be fired, the crew will be drawn up on the deck, and the prisoner will be brought out." Bess listened without changing her countenance. Was she, then, turned into stone by sorrow, like Niobe?

I cannot write down the words with which he bade me farewell, nor my own. Suffice it that we took leave of each other with, on my side, all that a bleeding heart could find to say, and on his, with a message which I made haste to deliver to the Admiral, his patron and benefactor.

Then I left him alone with Bess. It was arranged that they should part upon the hour when she must leave the ship and go ashore. He was peremptory that she must not try to see him in the morning, lest the sight

of her might unman him. To stand upon the deck with eyes unbandaged, resolute and firm, was the only duty left for him to perform. Therefore Bess must part with him on Sunday night. She acquiesced, still without a single tear. But when the hour drew near, instead of hanging round his neck and weeping, she took both his hands in hers, and said,

"Jack—dear Jack—my own Jack!—you made me a promise the other day. The time hath come to keep it."

"A promise, dear heart? Why, what can I do for thee now?"

"You would grant any request that I should make. The time hath now come."

"'Tis granted beforehand, dear girl."

"My request, Jack, is, that you will live, and not die."

"Bess?"

"That you will live, and not die. Listen! We have arranged everything for this evening. Mr. Brinjes hath managed all for us. See!"—she whispered him very earnestly.

He gazed at her in a sort of stupefaction.

"We shall not stay in the country. A Dutch boat waits us off Barking Creek; the master, a boy, and yourself, will sail her across to Holland. If the wind is fair, we shall make a Dutch port in a day; oh! it is all arranged. We shall not stay in Holland, but take ship to the Dutch East Indies, and thence to the South Seas, where we will live—oh! my Jack—far, far away from the world; and I will work for thee. So we shall forget the past and Deptford, and—and—everything, and there will be a new life for us—oh! a new life, whether it be short or long, with no one to remind us of what hath happened. Oh! my poor tortured dear—it is through me—through me—that all this disgrace hath come upon thee; yes—and it shall be through me that thy life shall be saved!"

"Bess, I cannot! They would say that it was fitting that one who could cowardly strike the flag should also cowardly run away from punishment."

"What matter what they say? Shall we care what they say, when we are sailing together among those islands? Will it touch our hearts any more to think of their praise, or blame?"

"Bess, I cannot!—oh! my tender heart, I cannot!"

"Then Jack, thou shalt. Thy promise is passed—a solemn promise before GOD. Wilt thou break that promise too, and go before Heaven, thy last act another broken pledge?"

Well, he fought awhile, and he yielded at length; and then she kissed him and went away; but she held her handkerchief to her eyes, so that those who saw her might not suspect.

At the head of the gangway, which, for the convenience of the court-martial, had been made into an accommodation-ladder, furnished with rails and entering-ropes, stood Aaron Fletcher on guard.

"Thou art satisfied at last, Aaron?" said Bess.

"Not yet, but I shall be to-morrow," he replied, whispering, because a sentry must not talk.

She said no more, but passed down the steps and into the boat.

In the afternoon, being in great distress of heart, I went to visit Mr. Brinjes. He was not sleeping, but was busied over a great number of small packages arranged in order upon the table.

"I have seen the last of him," I said.

"Ay? Is Bess with him?"

"I am troubled about Bess. I think she hath gone distracted. For she weeps no more, and once I saw her laugh. She catches her breath, too, and is impatient."

"For her distraction I will answer. I know a remedy for it, and that remedy she shall have. As for the catching of her breath, that too shall be cured; as for her impatience, I cannot help it, because it was impossible to complete the job before to-day."

I asked him what he meant.

"Hath not Bess told you, then? Why, she was to have told you this morning before she broke the thing to Jack. 'Tis a good girl who can keep a secret. It is not true, mind ye, that no woman can keep a secret. Where their lovers are concerned, they can keep fifty thousand basketsfull of secrets, and never spill so much as a single one."

He began to open the packets, and to count their contents. They contained guineas, about fifty in each packet, and there seemed to be no end to them.

"This," he said, "comes of twenty years' honest industry. If a man takes in his shop six half-crowns a day, and spends only one, in twenty years he shall be master, look you, of no less than four thousand pounds."

Heavens! could he really be the owner of so great a property? When he had counted the money he dropped it into three or four leathern bags, which he tied to a belt below his waistcoat. "Now," said he, "if we capsize, I shall go straight to Davy's Locker. Give me the skull-stick, my lad—so." He looked at the horrid thing with admiration. "I thought at first of giving it to Philadelphia, but now I will not, because she has lied to me about the Great Secret, which I find, she doth not, after all, possess. So much I suspected. She shall not have the Obeah stick. Besides, Heaven knows whither we are going, or what powers we may want: therefore, I shall keep the stick." He wrapped a cloth about the skull, and tied it up so that no one should know what it was. Then he laid it upon the table.

I observed then, that everything was ready as if for departure. The shelves were empty; the fire was out; there were ashes of burnt paper in the grate; the famous charts were rolled up and lying on the table, beside the skull-stick. What did it mean?

"Why," he said, "since Bess hath not told you, I will not either. But—I think we can trust thee, Luke—surely, we can trust thee, if anyone. Thou lovest Jack, I know, and Bess too, in thy mild and milky way. Why, a lad of spirit would have carried the girl off years ago, Jack, or no Jack. However—that is enough. My lad, we want thy help. There is no other that we can trust. It is life or death. . . life or death. . . life or death. Say that to thyself, and forget not to be here at nine of the clock this evening."

"What is to be done at nine?"

"It is life or death, I say. Life or death! Now go; I have much to do. It is life or death. Two lives or two deaths. Life or death. Therefore, fail not."

At nine o'clock I kept my appointment, wondering what would happen.

Bess was there, wrapped in a cloak and hood; in her hand she carried a small parcel. Mr. Brinjes was waiting, muffled and cloaked, his hat tied over his ears, and a roll—containing, I suppose, his charts and his famous skull-stick—under his arm.

"Come, lad," he said, "thou shalt know soon what it is we have to do."

It was a dark and rainy night; the wind blew in gusts; the streets were deserted, save for some drunken fellow, who rolled along, bawling as he went. Mr. Brinjes led the way towards the river, and we were presently at the Stairs, where the boats lay fastened to the rings by their long painters.

"Take the outside boat of all," said the Apothecary; "her oars are left in her on purpose. So, haul her to the

stairs. Step in, Bess. She is but a little dingey, but she will serve. Luke, you have to row. You may shut your eyes, and keep them shut, if you like, for I shall steer."

I began to suspect that something serious was to be attempted, but I obeyed without question or remonstrance.

'Twas then high tide, or a little on the ebb, so that at midnight the ebb would be at its strongest. I untied the painter and shoved off. Then I took my seat and the oars, and rowed while Mr. Brinjes steered.

The river was rough and dark, save for the lights displayed by the ships. The Calypso was moored very nearly off the mouth of the dock, but in mid-stream. Mr. Brinjes suffered me to row almost across the river, as if he were making for one of the stairs on the other side. Then he put her head upstream, and steered so that the boat approached the Calypso, whose lights he knew, not as if we were boarding her, but as if we were making our way across her bows to the Dog-and-Duck Stairs of Redriff. The precaution was not necessary, perhaps, seeing how dark it was; but the eyes of sailors are sharper than those of landmen; and the watch must not allow a boat to approach a ship without a challenge. We crossed the bows, therefore, of the Calypso, I still rowing, and the boat apparently heading to the opposite shore.

But while we were still under the shadow, so to speak, of the great ship's bows, my coxswain whispered, "Easy rowing—ship oars."

I could not guess what he intended. 'Twas this.

The Calypso lay pretty high out of water. The tide was running strong. Mr. Brinjes turned the boat's head and ran her straight under the side of the ship. He then, being as quick and skilful in the handling of a boat as any man sixty years younger, stepped into the bows, and with hand and boat-hook worked the boat along the side of the vessel to the stern, where he hooked on, and whispered that we must now wait.

"We have more than two hours still to wait. I think the watch will have no suspicion, and 'tis better to wait here an hour or two than to hurry at the end, and so perhaps be seen and the whole plot spoiled. Here we lie snug."

We might be lying snug, but we lay more than commonly cold, and the wind and rain beat into one's face. Bess sat, however, with her hood thrown back, careless of cold or rain; and Mr. Brinjes lay muffled up in the bows. But in his hand he held the boat-hook.

The ship's bells and the town clocks and the Greenwich clocks made such a clashing in our ears every quarter of an hour, as kept us aware of the time—never before did I understand how slowly he cawleth. Why, there seemed to me an hour between each quarter, and a whole night between each hour.

When the clocks began to strike midnight, Bess looked up and the old man threw off his cloak. "Oars out," he whispered. "Gently. Don't splash. Here he is!"

We were immediately, though I knew it not, below the windows of Jack's cabin, which was the Captain's state-room. Below his window were those of the First and Second Lieutenants, and Mr. Brinjes had chosen the time of midnight, because then the watches would be changing, and these officers would be on deck or else fast asleep. It was as he expected. The end of a rope fell into the water close beside the boat, and then, hand under hand, our prisoner came swiftly down. In a moment he was sitting in the stern. Then Mr. Brinjes let go, and the tide, hurrying down the river as fast as a mill race, carried us noiselessly and swiftly away.

No one spoke; but Mr. Brinjes again took the ropes, and I began to row. We were very soon, keeping in mid stream, past Greenwich, and past Woolwich, I rowing as hard as I could, and the ebb-tide strong, so that we made very good way indeed.

Presently we came alongside a small vessel lying moored off Barking Creek, and Mr. Brinjes steered the boat alongside, and caught a rope.

"Now, Bess," he said, "quick; climb up."

She caught hold of the cleats, and ran up the rude gangway as nimbly as any sailor. Mr. Brinjes followed.

Then Jack seized my hand. "Farewell, dear lad," he said, "I thought not to see thee again. Farewell."

So he followed, and left me alone in the boat.

"Sheer off, Luke," said Mr. Brinjes looking over the side; "sheer off, and take her back to the Stairs. Tell no one what hath been done. Farewell. We sail for the Southern Seas."

Then I saw that they were hoisting sail. She was a Dutch galliot carrying a main and mizen mast, with a large gaff mainsail. These, with a staysail, a flying topsail, and one or two bowsprit jibs, would with this wind and tide take her down to the North Foreland very quickly, after which, if the wind still continued fair, she might expect to make the port of Rotterdam in sixteen or perhaps twenty hours more.

When I had painfully pulled the boat up stream and gotten her back in her place at the Stairs, and was at last in bed, I began to understand fully what had been done—namely, that a great crime had been committed in the rescue of a prisoner sentenced to death, and that, with my two accomplices, I was liable to be tried and—I fell asleep before I could remember what the punishment would be.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE CONCLUSION.

The next morning my father was astir by six; and I, hearing him, and remembering suddenly what had happened, could sleep no more, but rose quickly, and dressed. He was already in wig and cassock; his clerk in readiness with prayer-book, bible, and the materials wherewith to administer the Supper of the Lord.

"My son," he said, "the ministration to a dying man is the most awful part of a clergyman's holy duties; and yet it is that which should most fill him with gratitude and joy. Terrible it is at all times to watch the soul take its flight into the unknown regions: most terrible of all when death comes violently upon one still young and strong and in the prime of his day."

More he would have said; but here we were interrupted by the arrival of the Admiral himself, borne in an arm-chair by his four negroes, his feet swathed in flannel, and himself wrapped in warm cloaks, for 'twas dangerous for him to leave the warmth of his own room.

"Doctor," he said, when the men had set him down, "you are now about to comfort our boy in his last moments." Here he paused awhile, the tears running down his cheeks. "His last moments, poor lad," he repeated. "I could not lie still and think that he should die without a word from me. Therefore, though I would not turn his thoughts away from religion, I cannot let him die with never a word from his father's oldest friend. 'Twere inhuman. Tell him, therefore, from me, that I now plainly perceive that he was mad. Other men besides himself have gone mad at sea. I know one who went mad and jumped overboard, in a storm; and another who went mad and ran amuck on the quarter-deck with a cutlass, wounding many before he was disarmed; and another—but no matter. He was mad. Tell him that for the act of God, there is nothing but resignation. The thing

might have happened to any. We are fools to feel any shame in it. As for all that went before and that came after his madness, tell him we are proud of him therefore, and we shall remain proud of him. But for his own sake, we are grieved that he was not killed in the recapture of the vessel. Bid him, therefore, meet his death with a calm heart—a brave heart, I know, will not fail him. Take him my last blessing, and my undiminished love. There is no question, tell him, of forgiveness. The act of God must not be questioned. But the pity of it—oh! Doctor—the pity of it!” and with that he fell to weeping like a child.

And then the two old men wept together, but I, who knew what had happened and that there would be no execution that day, had no tears.

They carried back the Admiral and put him to bed again, and I accompanied my father as far as the Stairs. As I returned slowly, my heart full of strange emotions, the bell of St. Paul's began to toll the passing knell. No need to ask for whom that bell was tolling. At the sound the women came to the doors and began to cry, and to talk together, full of pity, the kind-hearted creatures, shrews as they were, and slatterns, and drabs. The old men at the Trinity Hospital were gathered together in their quadrangle talking of the boy they had known and loved. The Barber and his four apprentices were busy shaving, the shop full, everybody talking at the same time; and in his doorway stood Mr. Westmoreland, looking up and down the street, with troubled face.

“Where is she?” he asked. “Mr. Luke, where is my Bess?”

“Indeed, Mr. Westmoreland,” I replied, “where should she be if not in her own bed?”

“She hath not been home all night. I have heard talk of her and Captain Easterbrook. But that poor young man is to be shot this morning. Where can she be? They tell me that she spends the days in his cabin. Sir, you know them both: I faith he hath played her false. Who would have daughters? Yet if she is all day long with him, needs must that she come ashore in the evening, Mr. Luke. Who, Sir, I ask you, would have daughters to plague his old age? I thought she might have stayed at the Apothecary's, and I have knocked, but I can make no one hear. Think you that Mr. Brinjes is dead? He is already of a very great old age. This is a terrible morning. That poor young gentleman must die; he must be cut off in the pride of his life and strength, the comeliest man I have ever seen, and he hath stolen my daughter's heart away. Why, what shall I do with her when he is dead? How shall I endure her despair and her grief; how find consolation to assuage her wrath when he is gone?”

I knew very well how that question would be answered. But I could not tell him what had happened.

“It is his passing bell,” the Penman continued. “Lord! have mercy upon his soul! He is young, and hath doubtless committed some of the sins of youth; the Lord forgive him! He hath often used profane language, and that in my hearing. The Lord forgive him! As for his striking his colours, that will not, I am sure, be laid to his charge. Besides, he hath atoned for this sin by his death. The Lord forgive him for an honest and brave lad! 'Twas once a joy to see him handle his logarithms. Will they bury him in St. Paul's churchyard? Poor lad! Poor lad! What shall I say to Bess to comfort her when she comes home?”

Thus he went on prattling; but I left him.

At the door of Mr. Brinjes' shop stood his assistant, knocking.

“Sir,” he said, “I am afraid that something hath happened to my master, for I have knocked and cannot make him hear.”

I advised him to wait half an hour or so, and then to knock again.

It was impossible to rest. I went again to the Stairs, where the watermen should be hanging about. There was not one man there, nor a single boat. Round the Calypso there was a great fleet of ships' boats, and Thames boats, all waiting for the execution. People had come down from London—even, they said, as far as from Chelsea—to see the sight. Why, they could see nothing from the river. True, they might have the satisfaction of hearing the roll of the muskets. There never was so great a concourse on the river, even on the day of Horn Fair.

At eight o'clock—the time of execution—everybody listened to hear the rattling of the guns. But there was silence. Presently, I know not how it began, there sprang up a rumour—only a rumour at first—that the sentence would not be carried out that morning; then it became certain that there would be no execution at all; and it was spread abroad that, at the last moment, the Captain had been respited. About eleven o'clock the boats dispersed and returned again, the people disappointed. It was not until later that it was known—because at first no one, not even my father and his clerk, were permitted to leave the ship—that Captain Easterbrook could not be shot, because he could not be found.

I found the Apothecary's shop open—they had broken in at the back—and the assistant was mixing medicines and prescribing.

“Sir,” he said, “my master is gone. He hath not slept in his bed. He hath taken his money and his charts, but nothing else.”

“His money and his charts? How do you know that he hath taken his money?”

“I know where he kept it, and I looked to see if it was gone. Because, I said, if my master's money is still there, he will return. But it is gone; therefore I know that he has gone.”

“Whither hath he gone, Sirrah?”

“I know not, Sir; any more”—here he looked mighty cunning—“than I know whither Captain Easterbrook hath gone, or Bess Westmoreland, or what you were doing with my master and Bess on the Stairs last night at nine o'clock.”

Now, I have never learned if this man knew more than the fact that we were upon the Stairs at that time. Certainly, he could not know the whole truth.

“I think,” I said, “that if I were you, I would continue to carry on the business without asking any questions, until your master returns.”

“I will, Sir,” he replied; and he did. His master did not return, and this fortunate young man succeeded to a good stock and a flourishing trade, and would doubtless have become rich but for the accident of being killed by a drunken sailor.

When it became known that Mr. Brinjes, Bess, and the Captain had all disappeared on the same evening, it was impossible not to connect these three events; and all the world believed (what was perfectly true) that the girl had run away with the Captain, and that Mr. Brinjes had gone, too, out of pure affection for them.

The Admiral presently recovered from his attack, but he went no more to the Sir John Falstaff, and entirely lost his former spirits; and, as I have already said, within a year or two was carried off by an attack of gout in the stomach. Shortly afterwards I was so happy as to win the affections of Castilla. She informed me that, although she was carried away by natural pride in so gallant a wooer as Jack, she had never felt for him such an assurance in his constancy as is necessary to

secure happiness, and that when she heard of his infatuated passion for so common a creature as Bess Westmoreland, she was thankful for her release, though she deplored the sad cause of it. “We no longer,” she often says, “burn women for witchcraft, but such a girl as Bess, who can so bewitch a gallant man as to make him invoke the curse of Heaven upon him if he prove inconstant, and thereby bring him to shame and disgrace, ought to be punished in some condign and exemplary manner.” It is not my practice to argue with my wife, especially on points where we are not likely to agree; and as Bess will probably never return, and cannot, therefore, be punished, Castilla may say anything she please about her. For my own part, my heart has always been with that poor girl, who did not seek for or expect the honour of Jack's affections, and whose only witchery was in her beauty and her black eyes.

On the conclusion of peace in 1762, Aaron Fletcher, with many other Marines, was disbanded, but he was afraid to venture back into Deptford, where his creditors would have arrested him. I know not for a certainty what he did to bring the arm of the law upon him; but I know what became of him. For one day, being at Limehouse, I saw going along the road on the way to the Stairs, where were waiting several ship's boats, a dismal company of convicts, for embarkation to the plantations of Jamaica, or Barbadoes, or some other West Indian Island. There were at least a hundred of them, walking two and two, handcuffed in pairs. Some of these were in rags, some shaking with prison fever, some dejected, some angry and mutinous, some were singing—there are wretches so hardened that they will sing ribald songs on their way even to the gallows. One there was of appearance and bearing superior to the rest, by whose side there walked a young woman, his wife or mistress, bearing a baby, and crying bitterly; another, beside whom walked a grave and sober citizen, the brother or cousin of the convict, the tears in his eyes. But mostly there were no friends or relations to mourn over this outcast crew. And at the head marched a band of fifes and drums, playing “Through the woods, laddie”; and a crowd of boys followed, whooping and hallooing. When the procession was nearly past, I was surprised to see among the men, handcuffed together, no other than Aaron Fletcher and Mr. Jonathan Rayment, the crimp. The latter was pale, and his fat cheeks shook, and all his limbs trembled with fever. 'Twould have been merciful to let him lie till death should carry him off. But Aaron walked upright, looking about him with eyes full of mutiny and murder. I know not if he saw me; but the procession filed past, and the band went on playing at the head of the Stairs while the wretches embarked on board the boats. As for the crimes which Aaron and his companion had committed, I do not know what they were, but I suspect kidnapping formed part. I have never learnt what became of Mr. Rayment; but concerning Aaron there afterwards came intelligence that he could not brook the overseer's lash and the hot sun, and fled, with intent to join the wild Maroons, but was followed by bloodhounds, and pursued, and, being brought back to his master, was naturally flogged. He then sickened of a calenture and died. He was a bad man; but he was punished for his sins. Indeed, it is most true that the way of transgressors is hard.

Lastly, to complete this narrative, I must tell you of a message which came to me five or six years after the court-martial. It was brought even from the Southern Seas. Heard one ever of a message or letter from that remote and unknown part?

There was a certain wild fellow, Deptford born, named Will Acorn by name. This young man, for sins of his which need not delay us, left his native town, where he had been brought up as a shipwright, and went to sea. Nor did he come back again for several years, when he reappeared, the old business being now blown over and forgotten. And presently he came to my house, I then living in St. Martin-street for convenience of business, and told me a strange story.

With some other privateers of Jamaica, where these fellows are mostly found, he must needs try his fortune in the South Seas. Accordingly, they got possession of a brig, or barcologne, as they call this kind of ship in the West Indies, and they armed her with certain carronades and petardoes, and, to the number of eighty or ninety stout men, all fully armed, put out to sea. In short they proposed to go a pirating among the Spanish settlements, as many have done before them.

It matters not here what was the success of their voyage—Will Acorn, at least, returned home in a very ragged and penniless condition. This however was the man's story.

“We sighted one morning at daybreak, being then not far from Masa Fuera, a large brigantine flying Spanish colours. She was much too big for us to tackle, therefore we hoisted the Spanish flag, too, and bore away, hoping that she would let us alone, and go on her own course. But that would not suit her, neither, and she fired a shot across our bows, as a signal to back sail. This we did, expecting nothing short of hanging, for she carried thirty guns at least, and we could see that she was well manned, and looked as if she was handled by a French Captain, under whom even a Creolian Spanish crew will fight. Well, she spoke us when she was near enough, and ordered, in Spanish, that the Captain was to come aboard. Now, as I was the only man who had any Spanish, our Captain bade me come with him. So I went, and we thought we were going to instant death, the Spaniards being born devils when they get an English crew in their power.

“Sir,” this honest fellow continued, “think of our astonishment when, on climbing the vessel's side, they ran up the pirates' flag; to be sure, we were little else than pirates ourselves; but we knew not what countrymen these were. As for the crew, they were nearly all black negroes, and a devilish fighting lot they looked, being armed with pistols and cutlasses, while the decks were cleared for action, and every man to quarters, and the whole as neat and clean as aboard a British man-o'-war. And on the quarter-deck there stood, glass in hand, none other than Captain Easterbrook himself, the same as was tried by court-martial, sentenced, and escaped. He was dressed very fine, in crimson silk, with a gold chain, and pistols in his belt. I knew him directly; but his face is changed, for now it is the face of one who gives no quarter. A fiercer face I never saw anywhere.

“But the strangest thing was that I saw lying in the sun, propped up by pillows and cushions, the old Deptford Apothecary, Mr. Brinjes. He looked no older, and no younger: his one eye twinkling and winking, and his face covered with wrinkles.

“‘Will Acorn ahoy!’ he sings out. ‘Will Acorn, by the Lord!’

“When he said this, there came out from the Captain's cabin a most splendid lady, dressed in all the satins and silks you can think of, with gold chains round her neck, and jewels sparkling in her hair. Behind her came two black women, holding a silken sunshade over her head. Why, Sir, 'twas none other than Bess Westmoreland, the Penman's daughter, and more beautiful than ever, though her cheek was pale, and eyes were somewhat anxious.

“‘Will Acorn!’ she cried. ‘Is that Will Acorn, of Deptford Town?’

“So with that the Captain called us from the poop.

“‘Harkye,’ he said, ‘you seem to be Englishmen. What ship is yours?’

“So we told him who we were, and why we were cruising in those seas. He listened—'tis a terrible fighting face—and heard us out, and then bade us drink and go our way.

“‘I war not with Englishmen,’ he said; ‘but for French and Spaniard I know no quarter.’

“He said no more, but his lady—Bess Westmoreland that was—stepped out to us, and asked me many questions about Deptford folk. And then she put into my hands this parcel, which I faithfully promised to deliver into your hands, Sir, should I ever return home again. And I was to tell you that they had found Mr. Brinjes' island, and she was as happy as she could expect to be. And then Mr. Brinjes lifted his head, and said, in a piping voice, ‘And tell him,’ he said, with his one eye like a burning coal, ‘tell Luke Anguish, man, that we committed the town of Guayaquil to the flames. 'Twould have done his heart good to see the town on fire, and the Spaniards roasting like so many heretics at the stake!’”

This was the message. The parcel contained a gold chain and cross, set with precious stones, which I gave to Castilla, hoping thereby to make her think less hardly of poor Bess. But in vain; though she wears the chain, which, she says, though this is not the case, was sent to her by Captain Easterbrook, in token of his repentance, and his unhappiness with the woman who bewitched him, and his continual sorrow for the loss of her own hand.

It is now more than thirty years ago, and since then we have heard nothing more. I conjecture that either they have long since been swallowed up in a hurricane, Bess dying, as she wished, at the same moment as Jack, or that they are still living somewhere in those warm and sunny islands of which the Apothecary was never wearied of discoursing.

THE END.

The first instalment of a New Tale by MR. BRET HARTE, entitled THE CRUSADE OF THE “EXCELSIOR,” will appear in our next issue, for Jan. 1, 1887, being the First Number of a New Volume. The Tale will be continued weekly until completed.

RUSSIAN NOVELS.

In placing within the reach of the English public some of the leading works of Russian fiction, Messrs. Vizetelly have conferred a boon upon those who read novels for instruction, as well as upon those who take them up for relaxation or amusement. Russian fiction is of comparatively modern growth, and hitherto has been only accessible to the majority of western nations through the medium of French translation. Pouchkine, the schoolfellow of Prince Gortchakoff, was a poet first, and although, towards the end of his life, he abandoned poetry for prose, the influence of Byron and Lamartine was never wholly effaced in his romances, although modelled on the style of Voltaire. Gogol, his most distinguished disciple, found his first inspiration in the provincial life in which he had been reared; and in popularising the stories of the Cossacks, and the legends of the Ukraine, he did for his countrymen much that Sir Walter Scott did for us. His best known work, “Tarass Boulba,” tells the story of the last campaign against Poland; and the drama moves round the fate of the old man and his two sons in the merciless struggle in which Polish and Cossack independence disappeared. The third period of Russian romance, of which Turguéneff is the chief exponent, extends from the ukase which ordered every public man in the Empire to speak and understand the Russian language down to the outbreak of the Crimean War, a period of internal ferment and of vain struggling against the repressive rule of Nicholas. Turguéneff's genius was cramped and dwarfed by the press restrictions of those times; and it was not until long after the grant of many of these liberties for which he quietly and persistently worked, that in his novel “Virgin Soil” he showed the extent of his powers. But it is not to these books that we have now to refer, although one may express the hope that the publishers will, in the course of time, extend their work backwards to the origins of Russian fiction.

Its two most recent exponents are, undoubtedly, Dostoevsky and Tolstoi, the latter of whom still survives. Of the former, Messrs. Vizetelly have already published “Injury and Insult” and “Crime and Punishment.” The latter is a weird story of self-analysis, revealing the heart-searchings of a murderer, and the atonement to which he submits himself. “Injury and Insult” is the story of a man (the author) who voluntarily sacrifices his hopes of happiness with the woman he loves, and, remaining her friend, endeavours to make his rival worthy of her. Beside the story of Natásha and her two lovers is the exquisite episode of Nelly, an orphan child whom Vania (Dostoevsky himself) rescues from misery, and who gives him, unperceived, all her love. The whole setting of the story is a photograph of St. Petersburg life, seen, it must be allowed, on its seamy side. Suffering, however, is the author's paradise; and he had endured so much from those in power that it is not surprising if he should have felt that success and happiness were ever opposed. Tolstoi, on the other hand, in “War and Peace” deals with more stirring scenes, and brings out in forcible colours the spirit of Russian patriotism aroused by the wars of Napoleon. The story is divided into three parts—“Before Tilsit” (1805-7), “The Invasion” (1807-12), and the “French at Moscow” (1812-20). In all of these, although the historical setting is carefully preserved, the real interest lies in the play of the characters Maria Bolokousky, the devoted daughter of a soured old man; and Natásha Rostow, one of the most delightful victims of misplaced affection. As Dostoevsky seems to have allowed himself to be influenced by Balzac and Sue, so Count Tolstoi, especially in his historical romances, gives evidence of his study of Stendhal. But in “The Friend of the Family” and “The Gambler,” also published in this series, and still more in “Anna Karénine,” which we regard as the latter's masterpiece, we have a clue to the inner life of the Russians of to-day, in the capital and in the provinces. In conclusion, we cannot but express our regret that these novels should have been introduced to English readers as “realistic,” a term which savours too much of the epithet applied to M. Zola and his imitators. The Russian novelists are realistic only in the fact that they represent life as they see it, with its sorrows, disappointments, and reverses. For the most part they have suffered imprisonment, banishment, and suffering in all its form—Dostoevsky, for instance, having been actually condemned to death, and led out to execution, and only pardoned at the moment the soldiers had received the word to fire at him and his companions. There is not a page in any one of these works which renders them unfit to appear on any table, although we do not advise young ladies of morbid temperament to sadden themselves by their perusal.

To those who desire to understand the development of Russian fiction from the beginning of the century to the present time, we recommend Vicomte De Vogüé's “Roman Russe” (Plon, Nourrit), as a most masterly and complete criticism of the literary movement in that country.



A CHRISTMAS PARTY: WARM AND WELCOME.

DRAWN BY E. J. WALKER.

The children of the rich, in gay new dresses,
Stray on the stairs, from dancing at their ball;
Their house shines bright, with Fortune's fond caresses;
Childhood's bright spirit is a gift to all.



A CHRISTMAS PARTY: OUT IN THE COLD.

DRAWN BY A. E. MULREADY.

The children of the poor, with hearts as bright—
Save those who hunger, or are pinched with cold—
Peep in, rejoicing at the festive light;
For childhood knows not envy, and is bold.

BACK GARDENS.

Back gardens, like back parlours, possess certain advantages and characteristics not at once apparent to uninitiated eyes. The lordly owner of a twelve-hundred-acre deer-park, or the city magnate with his well-planned gardens at Twickenham or Hampstead, might think scorn of the pleasant things of a walled-in plot of ground fifteen by eight feet. Indeed, it may be safely averred that until one has had some practical experience of the capacities of such a piece of landed estate one is not competent to speak of its varied uses.

To study the back garden in all its peculiarities, one must leave South Kensington and Belgravia far behind. In the semi-detached villas of more distant Tyburnia we begin to find some pretence at the typical suburban garden. The districts in which the true specimens of the genuine articles are to be found are those long streets of six-roomed dwellings, running parallel for miles with all the great lines of railways as they start east, west, north, and south from their London termini. Who has ever written the epics of these parts? Fashionable London is familiar in literature. The respectable decorum and dulness of the west-central district has found its recorders; the nooks and corners of the ever-fascinating City have been explored; and Seven Dials, the Docks, Whitechapel, and the slums generally, have yielded up their secrets (have they?) to their painstaking searchers. Here is unbroken ground, then, for an uncompromising realist. Let him paint the hopes and the loves, the politics and piety, and the gentility and castes of an Egremont-road, Battersea, or a Grosvenor-terrace, Lambeth. Let him learn the grim tales concealed under those grey brick fronts and well-curtained "front-room" windows as he walks down the narrow pavements which seldom re-echo to any stranger's tread. For they lead only on to more streets like themselves, and who from the outside world has occasion ever to penetrate their gloomy lengths?

But they all have their little squares of unused ground at the rear, called by courtesy their gardens. Just as we may judge a man's character from some trifling external, as the collar and tie he is wearing, or whether he turns up his trousers on a muddy day or not, so these plots can tell us with an unflinching voice their owners' tastes and predilections. Small as they are, they are large enough to furnish accommodation for much amusement. If the tenant be a poultry or pigeon fancier, he will have various contrivances of boarding and wire-netting fitted up, and will succeed in getting himself indicted as a public nuisance before many months are out, by the early efforts of his cocks to bring the hens to a sense of their duties. He will have a small library of books relative to poultry indoors, and by skilful adoption of the means at his disposal, will, in general, make his farming on a small scale very profitable, besides having generally a couple of fresh eggs to spare to an invalid neighbour at Christmas time. The people that keep pigeons usually do it in a professional manner, as, unless choice and fancy ones be reared, and their owners have some show or trading connection, these pretty birds are not, as a rule, financially a paying speculation. Rabbits and guinea-pigs also find comfortable, if restricted, quarters in cleverly contrived sheds; and dogs and cats find space for out-door exercise within the small brick enclosures.

The ingenuity displayed in laying out the narrow strip to its best advantage as a garden is often considerable. For instance, some will arrange a square of turf in the centre, about the size of an average dining-room table; round that is a gravel path of about eighteen inches wide, edged with

glazed tiles, while the slender margin against the wall is planted thickly with various kinds of hardy flowers. At one corner stands a tiny summer-house, and in the other a rustic chair. Another favourite device is to forego "a lawn," and to have two flower-beds surrounded by gravel; while some lay out their miniature property as a kitchen-garden, and in the summer months it rejoices in its lettuce, its little ranks of peas and beans, a few radishes, and some mustard-and-cress. In almost all cases, the walls are covered with some sort of creeper, trained up over complicated combinations of wire and trellis-work. The flowers grown in these little gardens are really deserving of the greatest credit; and, to pass from generalisation to a particular instance, it is a fact that one working man in Stepney has raised not less than one hundred and forty distinct varieties of chrysanthemums this year, in his little back garden. Many of them are of the choicest descriptions, and might compare favourably with the beautiful specimens annually exhibited in the Temple gardens and elsewhere.

It often happens that we find this piece of ground given over to laundry purposes, and crossed by a veritable spider's web of ropes, on which are hung garments of mysterious shape and pattern. The privilege of using one's rear premises as a drying-ground is not, however, permitted to the residents in "genteel" neighbourhoods, a proviso against doing so being almost always inserted in the lease of a suburban villa residence. When we see the inclosure very well trodden over, and a small gymnastic bar and swing erected in it, we may safely infer that the family is numerous, and consists of small children; and we may almost imagine that we hear the sorely-tried mother saying, "Run out, now, there's good boys and girls, and play in the garden." In this case, the corners are usually further adorned by small piles of broken crockery, aged cooking utensils, and the rest of the *omnium gatherum* with which children can always amuse themselves if left to their own resources.

Then, lastly, there are the plots which are left untouched and uncared for. These tell tales of drink, thriftlessness, and idleness. They are the most desolate features in the whole row of smoke-dried backs. Against the scullery door are a broken-handled broom, a dirty dish-cloth, and a decrepit frying-pan. Sundry broken bottles, and rusty preserved-meat tins lie about in unpicturesque confusion. A glance up at the windows reveals a lack of curtains or blinds, and a general scantiness of furniture.

Back gardens, therefore, present points of interest to the philosophic observer. They enable one easily and accurately to gauge one's fellow-men from a distance. Though one might feel inclined to give a passing sneer at their capabilities, we have shown how elastic they are, in energetic hands. They provide employment after work hours, and actually furnish some slight change of air. The little variety of attending to the favourite poultry or rabbits, or of watching some new plants' gradual development, is a very enjoyable one, after, it may be, the monotonous round of some especially unchanging technical labour. And, finally, they give pleasure—a very keen and pure one—to those who have never known, it may be, the wider extent of a far-reaching country place, where—

The sinuous paths of lawn and moss,
Which led through the garden, along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,
Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous Asphodels,
And flow'rets which drooping, as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

M. F. B.

HOBART PASHA.

It was fortunate for the public that some months before his death the late Admiral Hobart Pasha was induced to write his autobiography, since no one could have told so well the story of his eventful career. *Sketches From My Life* (Longmans) is a narrative full of lively incidents and daring adventures, related with modesty and with a sailor's straightforward simplicity. Everything he tells, no matter how strange it may be, bears the impress of truth; and as we read of the dangers that beset him in South America—in boarding slavers and in running the blockade during the American Civil War—we feel almost inclined to adopt the old superstition, and to believe that he bore a charmed life. Hobart's sea experiences as a boy were miserable enough. His captain, a cousin and a tyrant, ordered him to the masthead before he had been long on board, which "was as close akin to murder as it could be, for I don't know," he adds, "how it was I didn't fall overboard, and then nothing could have saved my life." Indeed, this captain behaved so brutally that when the ship was paid off, and he offered Hobart a seat on his carriage, to London, the boy, full of disgust and horror, replied that he would rather crawl home on his hands and knees. He was but sixteen years old when he was appointed to the Naval Brigade, on service in Spain, and he relates how when a shell burst near him he fell flat on his face. "Get up, you cowardly young rascal!" exclaimed the commander, giving him a severe kick, "are you not ashamed of yourself?" "I did get up, and was ashamed of myself. From that hour to this I have never been hard upon those who flinched at the first fire they were under." Then the reader will follow the young adventurer to the River Plate, where a ruffian tried to stick his knife into him, and lost his own life instead. At Buenos Ayres, "that paradise of pretty women," Hobart, following his comrades' example, fell desperately in love with a girl of sixteen, whose mother, aged forty, fell in love with him herself. He escaped the difficulty by running away. Love-making was not always a safe adventure in South America, and Hobart on one occasion acted as second in a duel which ended fatally. In his account of slaver-hunting the writer records many a diabolical crime and many a daring exploit. On one occasion Hobart's crew boarded a slaver, and, on opening the hold, they found a mass of arms, legs, and bodies crushed together, and, having made some clearance, eleven corpses were discovered lying among the living freight. At Demerara, "one of the vilest holes in creation," he was bold enough to take a fancy to the Governor's daughter, upon which the best dancer in the place publicly insulted him. "So I called him out," says the writer, "and the next morning put a ball into his ankle, which prevented him dancing a long time to come." The young lady was locked up, and Hobart, remembering his small income, renounced his dream, leaving the girl to marry his rival. Adventure follows adventure in this narrative; but space will not allow us to pursue Hobart's exciting story when he figured as a blockade-runner, and carried a cargo of corsets, tooth-brushes, and Cockle's pills into Wilmington. Having won no small reputation for the skill with which he ran the blockade during the American War, Hobart accepted a command in the Turkish navy; and, the tables being turned, pursued blockade-runners himself. There never was a commander of more daring; and he was as honest as he was brave—a soldier of fortune, no doubt, but a thoroughly good fellow, and a man of whom England may well be proud. We have but brushed, as it were, the surface of a book every page of which will be read with interest by young and old.

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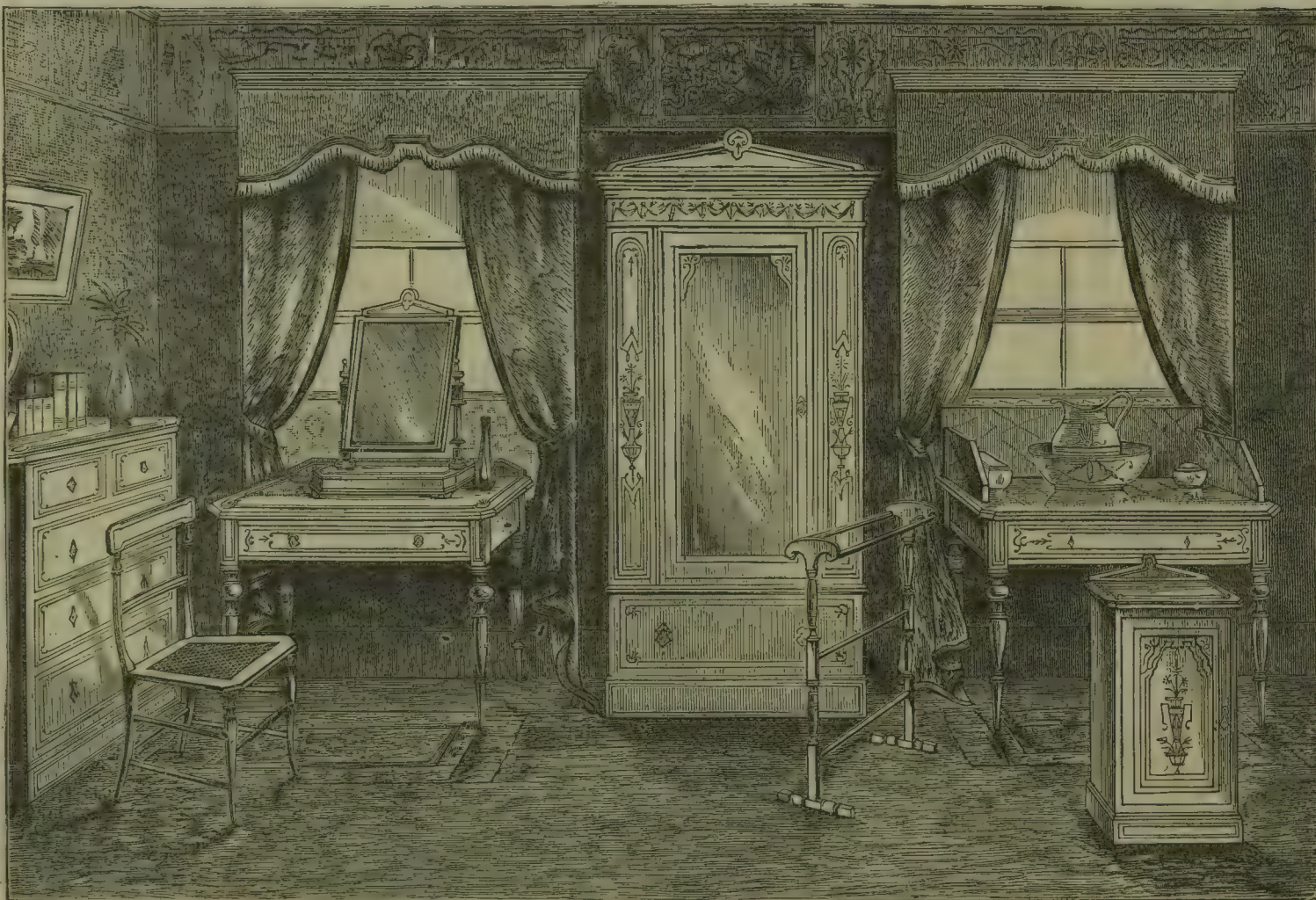
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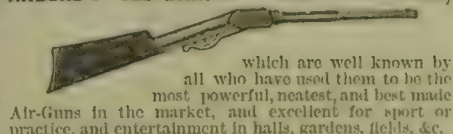
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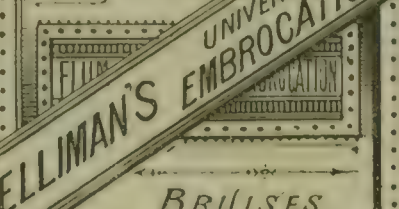
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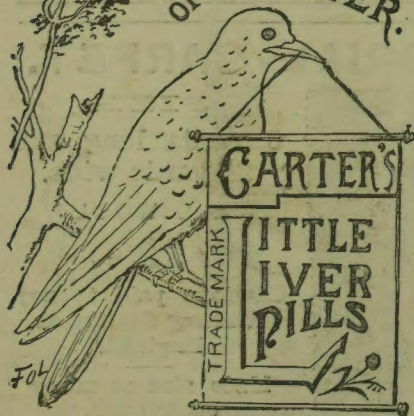
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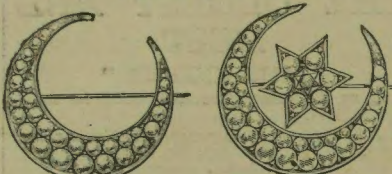
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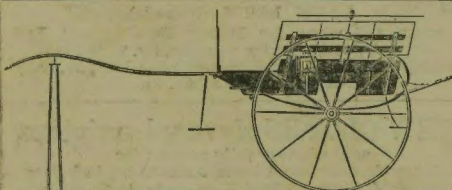
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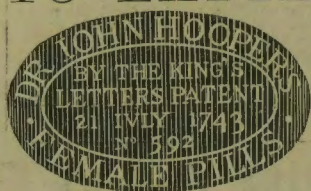
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NOVELS.

When you sit down to the perusal of three volumes written by an excellent writer, and gladly observe, after the first few pages, that the said writer has apparently been under the influence of an unusually happy mood, as must assuredly be the case with anybody who settles down to the enjoyment of *A House Divided Against Itself*: by Mrs. Oliphant (William Blackwood and Sons), a good time may be reasonably expected, of longer or shorter duration according to the pace at which one reader may proceed and the leisure which another may have at command. The worst of it is, that the delight of the book may lead to an unrighteous prolongation of the leisure, to an iniquitous curtailment of the hours which should be devoted to the more serious business of life. For idle hands to take up, however, it were difficult to find anything better than this story of a house that was divided against itself; so pleasant a work is the best checkmate for Satan, who is understood to provide a very different kind of occupation for the unemployed. The scene of the story, at its opening, is laid at Bordighera; and that fact, of itself, is enough to open one's mental pores for the reception of all that is agreeable, at any rate in the guise of genial climate and picturesque vicinity, with peeps of the blue Mediterranean, and the Ligurian mountains in the distance. We soon make the acquaintance of an interesting old gentleman, and his still more interesting young daughter; and we have our curiosity concerning them greatly excited, as we wonder more and more what can be the mystery which hangs about them; why, being evidently well-to-do and of good position, they seem to have no kith or kin, no near connections of any kind; and why the father, if not the daughter, should be so disinclined for society, so slow to exhibit the proverbial touch of nature, so very rude to somewhat vulgar, perhaps, but exceedingly cordial visitors, who claim former acquaintance and get dreadfully snubbed for their pains. It is not long before we begin to lose our original respect for the distinguished-looking old gentleman, and are disposed to set him down as a selfish and cantankerous curmudgeon; at the same time our interest in his charming little daughter increases, and, though she lacks the ordinary accomplishments of young ladies, or all the more perhaps on that very account, we conceive a constantly growing admiration for her, a deeper and a warmer love of her. When, as she ponders upon her singular condition, without—as she supposes—any other relation but her father in the world, a twin-sister drops upon her from the skies, a mother summons her from a distance, and a most amusing half-brother, with a curious growth of hair upon his head, but with “a handle to his name,” comes to introduce himself and to bring her home, then we acknowledge the significance of the title given to the novel, our anxiety to be fully enlightened is augmented, and we continue our course of reading with redoubled zest. At this point, too, the promise of excitement is strengthened by another occurrence. Enter the gallant captain who, having been intended to fall in love with the twin-sister just called away, displays symptoms of being very much more struck with the twin-sister remaining behind. And at this point it will be convenient and proper to leave expectant readers in the lurch, that they may consult the volumes for themselves. The consultation they are not likely to regret; but, however that may be, they will certainly agree that the distinguished-looking old gentleman's conduct in concealing from his daughter the letters annually written to her by her mother was indefensible and abominable.

Great acceptance may be prophesied for *Paston Carew*: by E. Lynn Linton (Richard Bentley and Son), in which there is some very powerful writing, and in which the skill of a practised story-teller is abundantly exhibited. What originality there may be, and there is more than a little, is displayed in the treatment rather than in the fundamental conception, in the episodes rather than in the main narrative, in the sketches of character rather than in the plot. The titular hero is a “millionaire and miser,” not an unusual combination; and to humiliate a proud old family, by whom he considers himself to have been wronged, and upon whom he desires to be avenged by selling them up, is his chief end and object, not an unusual end and object—in fiction, whatever may be the case in real life. The writer of the tale is well known as a bold and outspoken novelist, who does not mince matters; and nobody, therefore, need be surprised to learn that the book opens with a plain description of the establishment kept up by a certain rich gentleman, named Clinton, of tolerably ancient descent, who, having been refused by the young lady he loved, made dishonourable proposals to a pretty young woman because she more or less resembled that young lady, was favourably listened to from motives of sheer calculation, took the young woman into his ancestral halls, nominally as housekeeper, but really as something else as well, became the father of her boy and only child, and died intestate. The demi-semi-widow had feathered her nest during her demi-semi-husband's life-time; and the boy had previously been sent out into the world by his affectionate parents, with his mother's surname of Carew, with a pretty large cheque (which he promptly got cashed), with not much paternal or maternal blessing, that he might seek his fortune. He sought and found it, and a great deal of it there was. He also sought and found a wife, whom he lost very soon; but she left him a daughter, whom he loved as the apple of his eye, and who was as beautiful as the Shulamite, and as fair and good and wise as the Sylvia of the song, or as “Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother” of the famous epitaph. Thus provided with ducats and a daughter, Paston Carew naturally felt confident that he could take his revenge upon those who, however hateful they might be, had done him no injury. For his father had died a bachelor (strange as it may sound), and the estates of the Clintons passed in the regular way to people who could not be held responsible in any degree for Paston Carew's illegitimacy and incapacity for inheriting his father's property. That may have made him feel all the more vicious, of course; at any rate, he set to work to exact vengeance. How he succeeded may be discovered by anybody who will take the pleasure of drawing for entertainment on three decidedly readable volumes.

A fashionable lady of title who has a lover as well as a husband, who “paints and minces, and mimics God's creatures,” who delights in treading upon the toes of the redoubtable Mrs. Grundy, and who outdoes herself by singing what we are clearly given to understand is a very improper song with a perfectly indecent refrain, is about the most prominent character in *Doctor Cupid*, by Rhoda Broughton (Richard Bentley and Son); but, as a set-off to her there is a pink of propriety, a pearl of womankind, a modest and yet piquant, very piquant, young lady, with whom, to render the interest intense, the wicked married woman's lover falls desperately in love, whilst she is in not much better plight as regards her feelings towards him. On these three personages the story depends chiefly for its attraction; though the little that is seen of a rich, cynical old woman is amusing and exhilarating, and there are two children out of whom something is made in the way of drollery, and also of tender pathos. As for the silly, sentimental, consumptive girl

and the heartless young butterfly of an Oxford undergraduate, her professed lover, they are both so utterly beneath contempt, as specimens of humanity, that it is astonishing how the writer can have had patience to bestow so much labour and so much cleverness upon them. For clever, indeed, the studies are; though neither of them, not even the dying girl, whom Doctor Cupid might perchance have cured, is likely to enlist much more than a stray piece of sympathy. Nor can the heroine herself, Miss Propriety as she was, be acquitted of all blame; she must have been a bit of a she-snob, as well as an indulgent sister; she seems to have been morally incapable of resisting the influence exercised by the “big house,” with its wealth and luxury and titles of honour, or she would have peremptorily declined to have anything to do with Lady Betty—especially after the incident of the “improper song,” and she would have brought the Oxford butterfly promptly to book. It is all very well for doctors to say that a young girl is “not to be thwarted in anything” or “they will not answer for the consequences”; but even doctors would allow that the line must be drawn somewhere—at Lady Betty, probably, or at Prue's mad jaunt to Oxford. But, really, how easy it is to talk! We should all, very likely, have been as weak as Miss Propriety was, under the same circumstances.

Something of the moral philosopher's tone gives a sort of dignity to the story of *Lesterre Durand*: by the author of “Miss Molly” (William Blackwood and Sons), and the effect of that tone is far from being diminished by the writer's evidently serious belief in the importance and instructiveness of the tale unfolded, and of the characters so carefully and minutely studied and analysed. There is no little originality in the conception of the plot; no little skill in the manner of working it out. There is no very tremendous catastrophe; nor, throughout the story, are there many exciting scenes, or situations, or incidents. The interest is sustained chiefly by sprightly dialogues, by the writer's own clever reflections and comments, and by the various lights in which the various personages are exhibited. It may be safely asserted that, admirable as is the heroine whose name gives the title to the novel, the place of honour, the credit of being the observed of all observers, must be assigned to the less estimable, perhaps, but the far more engaging and entertaining—however incomprehensible—Audrey. The more so because upon this latter young lady devolves the duty of clearing up a mystery with which the reader is very soon confronted, and which leads to the most tragic of all the occurrences recorded in the two closely-printed volumes. There is something comic, nevertheless, intermingled with the tragic: and the whole episode recalls a somewhat grim piece of humour which the newspapers lately reported, to the intense amusement of cynical and sardonic readers. The newspapers, it may be remembered, told a story of a young man who, having been repeatedly “refused” by her whom he would fain have made his wife, would not take “No” for an answer, but persevered until he was at last “accepted.” Then, as he appears to have thought, it was his turn. The day for the marriage was fixed, the couple presented themselves before the clergyman and went through a part of the service, but when the young man was asked whether he would take the young woman for his wedded wife, he had his fill of revenge and replied with a most emphatic “No!” In the novel, on the other hand, a young lady, just leaving school, receives a letter in which some unknown and ungallant fiend (she would not, of course, allow that he was a man) informs her that his “affections have been engaged for a long time,” implying that she need not look forward to marrying him. His only signature is in the form of two initials. Henceforth, of course, her object in life is to discover the man who signed those initials and to—no words can express her intentions under the circumstances. Suffice it to say that she does discover him, that she does “have it out” with him, and that, nevertheless, the world continues to go round upon its own axis. All male readers, however, must shudder at the notion, if they cannot bring themselves to sympathise with that ungallant but unhappy man.

Sara, by the Hon. Mrs. H. W. Chetwynd (F. V. White and Co.), is a novel somewhat out of the groove of the ordinary three volume book in such constant demand everywhere, inasmuch as the “wooing and winning” of the heroine is accomplished early in the story, and with little romance on her side; but the interest of the reader centres in the home life of Sir Basil and Lady Fairlie; and, with nothing approaching a sensational incident until the story is far advanced to maintain that interest, the author keeps above the level of the commonplace, and does not touch a monotonous note. The study of Sara's character is very good: in her cold reflecting obstinacy she is more than once in great straits, and goes very near to losing her husband's faith and affection—the full value of which, she only finds out, like so many, when they seem to be slipping away from her grasp. There is considerable ability shown in depicting the birth and subsequent growth of Sara's love, and its slow effect on her character is thoroughly natural. Sir Basil is sent away at an opportune moment on a political mission, which is attended with great good-fortune; and although the web of affairs on his return may be a trifle strained, the incidents are still possible, and the results are well worked in. There are several amusing pages in the course of the story, and notably so is Mrs. Pehryn's anecdote of the market at Lisieux, and her unknown purchase there. The Scotch home, and the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Calder, are drawn with a vigorous hand, and are very true to nature; and the reader will extract not a little amusement from the scenes enacted in Glasgow between Sara and her precise host and worthy hostess. The shrewd Mrs. Christie's idea of a pattern husband for her servant-maid is practical enough. “Just a well-off, prosperous man, wi' a slated roof an' a carpeted room, an' a sofa an' a garden.” As to Bessie and her husband, they are a little wanting in individuality, and are more like shadows than realities, flitting across the story lightly, until in their tragic deaths they pass from the reader's ken. Perhaps the intangible figure of the “dark brown boy” may be said to be in a measure justifiable, as mystery surrounds him everywhere; but a little more vitality might with advantage have been given to the wife; and the want of detail and the way in which poor Bessie is hurried off the stage give an impression of undue haste and want of finish which it would have been well to have avoided. There are one or two clerical errors, and one or two sentences which revision would have sensibly improved; but, taken as a whole, the story is cleverly told and interesting, the minor characters are good, and the kindly manner in which things in general are viewed by the author is a very pleasant phase of the book. Little touches here and there show Mrs. Chetwynd's knowledge of character and power of observation to its greatest advantage. The final chapter is to the full as good as the rest of the book: and the last words of Sir Basil and Lady Fairlie are a graceful conclusion to a prettily told present-day story.

The Committee of Council on Education have again granted the lecture-hall of the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn-street, for a course of sixty lectures on “General History,” by Dr. G. G. Zerffi, to commence in January next.

OLD AGE.

Life is full of contradictions. Every young person wishes to attain old age, and looks forward to that period as to some object in the far distance which cannot be reached until a tract of time has been traversed that seems almost measureless in extent. Nevertheless, strange to say, the young have often a keener sense of the brevity of life than the aged. “All men think all men mortal but themselves” is a true saying, and it is especially true when the sear and yellow leaf shows that the autumnal season of existence has begun, and that the last stage of all is near at hand. The reason is, perhaps, that a man, by the time he has reached the sixties, has so grown into the habit of living that the uncertainty of life ceases to affect him. He knows well enough that it is uncertain, but he feels that he is alive, and imagines that what he has done he will continue to do. And in this belief he makes investments he can never realise, buys books he will never read, pulls down his barns to build greater, and acts as if he were likely to last as long as his possessions.

Eagerness to acquire wealth, and an aptitude for hoarding it up, are among the prominent characteristics of old age. This frailty in its extreme form is exhibited in the miser. All that most persons enjoy he despises. His one object is to accumulate, his one dread is to spend. Living on a crust to gather dust, he is at once the most avaricious and the most self-denying of mortals. What such a fool feels when the time comes for him to make his will has been expressed with a master's hand, by Pope—

“I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned.”
“Your money, Sir?” “My money, Sir—what, all?
Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.”
“The Manor, Sir?” “The Manor! hold!” he cried,
“Not that—I cannot part with that!”—and died.

The pains and penalties of old age have been described, with exhaustive minuteness, by moralists and poets, and yet it does not appear that one of these writers was unwilling to encounter them. According to Sir Thomas Browne, age is as unfavourable to the soul as to the body, “turning bad dispositions into worse habits, and (like diseases) bringing on incurable vices.” Burton, in his “Anatomy of Melancholy,” writes of old age as “full of ache, sorrow, and grief,” and adds, in the words of Cicero, that old men are angry, waspish, suspicious, covetous, self-conceited, and self-willed. Shakspeare says, as we know—but this is in a song—that age is crabbed, and like winter weather; and we remember the pitiful accuracy with which he describes the “lean and slippered pantaloon.” “What, Sir,” exclaimed Johnson, “would you know what it is to feel the evils of old age? Would you have the gout? Would you have decrepitude?” But Johnson was a noble proof, and he was conscious of it, that a man may encounter the bodily evils incident to old age without any loss of intellectual energy. Even the imagination, which is commonly supposed to be a youthful faculty, may produce some of its rarest fruits in age. It did so in the case of Milton; and no reader of Lord Tennyson's “Rizpah” can doubt that the fire which lighted up his finest youthful creations burns as brightly as ever. Old age has many privileges, but there is one serious affliction from which, at this stage of life, there is no possibility of escape. The wail of Charles Lamb over lost friends finds an echo in the heart of every man who lives in the memories of the past—

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces!
How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Dr. Johnson says that people should keep their friendship in repair; but a new friend cannot live with you in the past. He knows nothing of the storms encountered, of the battles fought, of the aspirations defeated, of the resolutions unfulfilled. Or, if life has been eminently successful, he can but sympathise with the success that he sees, and neither the sweet nor the bitter memories recalled by his friend are of much interest to him. Therefore it is that, although the old man may have troops of friends and all that should accompany old age, he feels to some extent solitary. We must die alone, says Pascal, but it is more painful to live alone.

Every time of life, however, has its pleasures as well as its special sorrows. The old man takes things calmly. The feverish excitement of youth and the ambition of middle age are felt no longer. No doubt there are exceptions to this rule, especially among statesmen, but it holds good generally, and the man who has not neglected culture often turns in his decline from affairs to books. In them he finds companions that never irritate, and friends that he can welcome or dismiss at will. “Our pleasures in reading,” said Maria Edgeworth, “do not, I think, decline with age. Last first of January was my eighty-second birthday, and I think that I have as much enjoyment from books as ever I had in my life.” Then when books fail there are the pleasures of memory, which, if a man is “lord of himself,” and can look back with content on the days gone by, may be inexpressibly delightful. Pleasant it is also to be treated with respect, and this, as Steele has pointed out, is one of the special rewards of a virtuous old age. But virtue is indispensable. There is not upon the earth's surface an object more contemptible than a vicious or foolish old man. There is not a more melancholy object than the cynical and discontented man, who, upon reaching three score years and ten, has nothing to hope for and everything to regret. The old man, as “pensive evening deepens into night,” finds his greatest joy in the simplest pleasures. He loves more than ever the beauty of Nature, the song of birds, the colour and scent of flowers, the occupations of rural life—

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Above all does he delight in the presence of children; while the beauty of women has a soothing charm unknown in the feverish days of youth.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,

was the exclamation of Dryden; but that beauty is not only remembered, it is felt. In all lovely objects, in all innocent mirth, the old man will take delight; and if his enjoyments never amount to rapture, his griefs rarely, if ever, reach the point of anguish.

It has been said that the mind grows clearer as the body loses its strength—

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

This may be true, in some cases; and the old man may comfort himself by remembering that Cato learnt Greek at eighty; that Goethe was in his full mental strength at that age; and that Ranke, the great historian who has lately died, was, like Sir Moses Montefiore, when an octogenarian, still youthful in his energy. There is, however, as we all know, another side to the picture. It is possible to live too long, and better far it is to rest before the intellect participates in the decay of the body—

We hurry to the river we must cross,
And swiftly downward every footstep wends;
Happy who reach it ere they count the loss
Of half their faculties, and half their friends.



MAIN STREET OF THE CITY OF MANDALAY, THE ROYAL CAPITAL OF BURMAH; WITH THE KING'S BAZAAR.

POETRY.

Clearness of conception and picturesqueness of diction, with no slight mastery of blank verse, are the characteristics of Miss Constance E. Dixon's tragic poem *The Chimney-Piece of Bruges* (Elliot Stock). The story of the murder of a young wife by a man whom her husband Andrea loved and trusted, and the suspicion that fell upon Andrea as the murderer, is told with such vivid touches and with such freedom, from verbiage that the reader will not willingly omit a line. The dagger with which the foul deed was done had the husband's name upon it; and he was condemned to death by fire. In the end, however, chiefly by the intercession of the murdered girl's father, who never lost his faith in Andrea, the innocent man was sentenced to imprisonment, which he spends in carving a wonderful chimney-piece; and during thirty weary years—

He wrought the mighty monument of woe,
And peopled it with splendid Kings and Queens,
And left his murdered Marie's lovely face
To last for ever in her native land.

To Henri, the false friend and cruel murderer, retribution comes at last. On his death-bed he confesses the crime; but the priest, horror-stricken, refuses, in words of fiery eloquence, to absolve him; and he dies, like Hamlet's father, "unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd." The news is carried to the burgesses of Bruges, who, with caps in hand, visit Andrea to tell him that he is free. It was too late—

The artist's worn-out frame fell to the ground,
Too weak to bear the sudden shock of joy;
The wonder of release. While Henri's guilt
Snapt the last chord of life's frail trembling harp.

We shall hear again of a writer who can tell a tale in the vigorous incisive language which marks the "Chimney-Piece of Bruges." There are some short pieces in the volume, but of these we cannot speak highly. They show, perhaps, the accomplishment of verse, but nothing more; and the translations from the German are, in more than one instance, too literal to be intelligible. Of the original pieces, "Conway Bay" is, we think, the most worthy of commendation.

If eccentricity and obscurity are signs of poetical genius a high place must be given to *Mellot*, by Francis Prevost (Kegan Paul). When Hamlet, in his advice to the players, objects to the periwig-pated fellow who tears a passion to tatters, he says that this overdoing out-Herods Herod. In the peculiarities of composition it may be said that Mr. Prevost out-Brownings Browning. That great poet's noble genius makes the reader very lenient to his eccentricities; but when a writer apes the eccentricities and apparently copies the very tricks of style of Mr. Browning, without the imagination, the wit, and the dramatic faculty which make us forgive such faults if we cannot forget them, the attempt becomes offensive. Mr. Prevost, like many of the poetasters of the day, mistakes grotesqueness for strength, and probably regards simplicity as weakness. He can say nothing plainly, and in this respect, and this only, reminds us of the poetry of Donne and Cowley. Mr. Prevost's faults are various. He goes out of his way in search of hard words and odd suggestions. It is the sheerest pedantry to use a mathematical term like asymptote in relation to love, and an obsolete word such as scaturient in relation to violins. There is a good deal of screaming in Mr. Prevost's verse, but he ought to know that it is not the habit of larks or swallows to scream; and is he sure, for assuredly we are not, that in his echo of a powerful poet he always writes sense? We remember many a charming lyric addressed "To Celia," notably three lovely songs by Ben Jonson; but that poet-loved young lady has never before been addressed in the style adopted by Mr. Prevost. The whole lyric may be regarded as a study of the obscure, and as such we commend it to the curious reader. To give him a zest for it we quote the final stanza, which is on a par with the rest:—

Night! Here I have held
God's hand and thine. If I thank you,
Believe no nettle has stung
Your toss'd sweets sour, nor sigh
If fool-fast passion should prank you
Ill. (Ah me! I had sung
Not thus were the jest but bell'd
Could laughter believe its lie.)

As one further illustration of Mr. Prevost's enigmatical style we turn to a poem in which a girl is requested to sham disguise and to "sample-school" her sense. Her poet adds:—

Light-latched eyes
Do lack the worth of open violence—
Loss-lazy, scathe the surprise.

And the poem ends as follows:—

Prove me no more! I come
Upon a kneeling sad and anxiousness;
I sheaf'd thy smiles, oh! bring my harvest home,
And stack my service in thy breast, to dress
With sunbeams for a comb.

Mr. Prevost plays with verse as with sense. In one short piece "useless" is made to rhyme with "hues less," "fan them" with "anum," and "terra firma" with "a termier," whatever that may be. Jerky, jagged lines abound, and the author's stanzas, though not without laborious cleverness, offend the ear as much as they insult the intellect. No one can doubt that the author of "Mellot" possesses great ability, but unfortunately in the present instance it is ability perverted.

In *Golden Fetters, and Other Poems*, by John Lascelles (Kegan Paul), a wife who has sacrificed love for position, sings of her sorrows in rather common-place and monotonous verse, but with a finer sense of what is good and true than we might expect to find in a woman who has acted so foolishly. Her husband is affectionate, but she cannot return his love, and looks back regretfully on the days—

When first my darling
Clasped me fondly to his breast,
And I heard, with sweet contentment,
All his burning love confessed.

She feels, however, that she is but "a wedded traitor" to dwell on past delights, now that her falseness has made her a "debased and loveless wife." There seems to be no comfort, and no hope, but both come at last with a baby, and again life lies before her "with a high and noble goal." The tone of many of the poems in this volume is excellent. "Looking Back," "The Monk's Daffodils," "Snowflakes," and some other pieces, have an excellent characteristic often wanting in modern verse. Mr. Lascelles writes hopefully, and the expression of this trust in a higher good gives to his poems a dignity and purpose they would not otherwise possess.

In a book that has reached a second edition it is but fair to suppose that some merit has been recognised by the public. *Plays and Poems* by Albert E. Drinkwater (Griffith and Farran), comes before us with this advantage. Of the poems little can be said that is favourable. They are not bad, they are not good; the weakest of them approach to doggerel, the best bear the stamp of inoffensive mediocrity. In the plays, three in number, Mr. Drinkwater relies for effect on his story, and this he has a pleasant way of telling. We have read "Tried by Fire" and "A Fair Conquest" with some pleasure, not, indeed, as dramas, but as tales, and if the author should try his hand again, we recommend him to venture into the field of the novelist, or, rather, of the story-teller, whose little plot can be developed in a few pages.

The dainty lyrics of the Elizabethan and Jacobean singers have inspired Mrs. E. Fuller Maitland, whose modestly-entitled volume, *Parva* (W. Blackwood and Sons), has not a little of the perfume that gives fragrance to the verses of Herrick. In these songs and songlets, as in the "Hesperides," there is the colour as well as the scent of flowers, the rustling of silks, the flaunting of lace, the "girdle's clasp and ribbon's tie," and even the names of poetical mistresses whose charms were sung two centuries ago by the Vicar of Dean Prior. Mrs. Maitland's goddesses, Delia and Julia, Phillis and Chloe, bear a strong likeness, and an agreeable likeness, to the girls who bewitched poets like Herrick, and his contemporaries Carew and Suckling. Sometimes, too, the writer's verses suggest that she has been a careful though not servile student of Ben Jonson's "Forest" and "Underwoods." If this tiny volume is not remarkable for originality it has much in it that is in the highest degree graceful and charming. It would be easy to quote lyrics of no common merit, but, under the signature "E. F. M.," several of these pieces have already appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, and readers who have an ear and a heart for verse are probably familiar with them already. If not, they will thank us for recommending the pretty-looking little volume to their attention. There is not a feeble or a faulty verse in it.

In a short poem of less than thirty pages, Mrs. William Dent, *née* Campbell, undertakes to describe the loveliest island in the possession of the English crown. *Ceylon; a Descriptive Poem, with Notes* (Kegan Paul), answers to its title. Mrs. Dent, who is intensely proud of a land in which some of her happiest years were spent, describes its special features, its scenery, vegetation, climate, the songless but lovely birds that haunt its forests, the fish ("which are of the most beautiful hues—red, blue, pink, yellow, green"), its fauna and flora, and, above all, its people, who are said to be so devoted to the Queen that they would shed for her the last drop of their blood—

But of the people of this wondrous land,
How shall my memory full justice do?
It needs more skill than love can e'en command
Their gentle loyalty, affection true,
In verse to reader.

Mrs. Dent's enthusiasm and her admiration of the Singhalese are more evident than the poetical faculty which alone justifies verse.

To gather up the fragments of his literary work is not always a wise act on the part of a writer. *Sketches in Prose and Verse*, by F. B. Doveton (Sampson Low), is dedicated to Mr. Browning in the following lines:—

To thee, great singer of our later days,
Whose song is strong as sweet,
I dare to bring this slender wreath of lays,
And leave it at your feet.

But the wreath is not slender, and is, on the contrary, of considerable size. The events of the day have prompted much of Mr. Doveton's verse, and to put these events into well-formed metre appears to have been an easy task—possibly too easy; for in poetry, as well as in prose, there may be an excess of fluency. His humorous poems and parodies are, we think, the best of the collection. These mirthful pieces first saw the light in newspapers and magazines, and the clever references to the news of the hour made them, we doubt not, acceptable to readers. That these society verses will prove as popular, when read in succession, it would be unreasonable to suppose. In these days of rapid forgetfulness, we have no longer a memory for many of the subjects that formed for a week, perhaps, the topic of conversation. It must not be supposed, however, that all the writer's verses treat of ephemeral themes. The common subjects dear to poets are dear also to Mr. Doveton; but in praising lady bicyclists, it may be said, at least, that he is original, if not poetical.

Bicycle belles! ye have dazzled the eyes
And punctured the hearts of men;
Your prowess the power of song defies,
And mocks my enamoured pen.

It is generally unwise to mix prose and verse together in one volume; and Mr. Doveton's prose sketches do not form an exception to the rule.

It is to Kaulbach's spirited illustrations that Goethe's "Reineke Fuchs" owes its prolonged popularity; and it is by their aid that Mr. J. J. Arnold's version, *Reynard, the Fox* (J. C. Nimmo), will probably commend itself to English readers; especially as he has supplemented the pictorial attractions of his new edition by Joseph Wolf's more elaborate engravings. It is now more than thirty years since Mr. Arnold published the first edition of his translation, and in the interval although we have learnt more about Goethe, and appreciate his genius more highly, his "Reineke Fuchs" has almost fallen into oblivion. This is not to be wondered at, for in the interval we have also come to like to have our knowledge from the fountain-head, instead of being refined to the standard of eighteenth century taste. The original popular poem, "The Unholy Word-Bible," as it was called, dated from the thirteenth century, if not earlier, and was written in doggerel; but Goethe, who in 1793-4 was going through his short military service, attempted to fit it to heroic metre; and although it served as a vehicle to display the lower passions of those who at that time were preaching by word and act the "the glorious Revolution" of humanity, it was wanting in the homely vigour of the original. Goethe's stately hexameters were at best a *tour de force*, and we must give Mr. Arnold credit for paraphrasing them with facility; but, as the following passage, taken absolutely at random, will show, not with very strict regard to Goethe's words or poetic fancy. This is Mr. Arnold's version of an episode of the trial scene, where Reynard recounts his early acquaintance with Issegim, and its fatal results on his moral sense:—

The provinces we traversed, one and all,
He the large booty stealing; I, the small.
Our bargain was we should divide all fair;
But what he chose to leave was all my share.
Nor was this all—injustice I must bear, &c.

This is, perhaps, the meaning of what Goethe makes Reynard say—but he says it differently. Had Mr. Arnold at least taken in hand Soltau's version of this most interesting fable and satire of the Middle Ages—even if he had not thought himself capable of rendering Hinker von Alkmer's version, he would have set himself a more interesting task, and have given the public an equally suitable framework for Kaulbach's and Wolf's designs. The real literary value of the famous apologue of "Reynard the Fox" cannot be too strongly insisted upon; and anything which makes us better acquainted with the spirit by which mediæval thought was leavened, and thinking quickened, is important to us. A story which takes its rise in the forests of northern or eastern Germany, and travelling over all Western Europe, modifying the language as well as the opinion of the countries it penetrated, must have touched some deep popular chord, and awakened a response in the public mind. We can test its power in one very practical way. "Reineke Fuchs" absolutely transformed the two words by which in France and England the animal under whose form he was represented had been hitherto known; and "goupil" had to give place to "renard" in the French language, just as "tod" had to give way before the encroaching "fox."

NEW BOOKS.

There is a vast and varied store of pleasant reading in Mr. J. Grego's *History of Parliamentary Elections* (Chatto and Windus); and few persons are more competent to deal with this subject from its artistic side than the author to whom we are indebted for the lives of Gillray and Rowlandson. It is not surprising that with his special tastes Mr. Grego should be disposed to date the humour of elections from the time when caricature was capable of cheap reproduction. Up to the time of George I., when party feeling was not eagerly excited, the aim of most quiet country gentlemen was to avoid Parliamentary honours rather than to seek them; and the excuses put forward by those chosen to attend the King's summons would read side by side with those who now endeavour to escape from the distinction of High Sheriffdom. Under the Stuarts, rhyming ballads were freely circulated amongst electors; and the light thrown by them upon local as well as on national questions is of no small interest to the historical student. The "Glorious Revolution" brought into prominence the Whig and Tory ballads, which, under Charles II., had dealt chiefly with questions relating to State religion. During William III.'s reign men's minds were too busy with serious questions to find time to listen even to political ballads; but Walpole's peace policy favoured both the Jacobite and Hanoverian factions by giving special scope for the display of party fervour. It was not, however, until Hogarth's time that election squibs were raised to the dignity of a fine art; and the elections of 1754 furnished the occasion for the display of the painter's power and humour. Wilkes and Churchill, Horne Tooke and Cobbett, contributed, amongst others, towards the creation of an election literature, not always high class, but as a rule readable and pointed; and the still keener rivalry, lasting through two generations, of the Foxites and the Pittites established on a firm basis that style of political banter and personal "chaff" which has survived until our own day. It was, however, not to tell us this alone that Mr. Grego has produced his many-sided volume. He has taken the trouble to look up the history of a large number of constituencies, which for the most part have disappeared from our Parliamentary system, at all events, as possessing separate existence; and has brought together in a most readable form the stories of some of those remarkable displays of bribery, corruption, and intimidation, in spite of which the British House of Commons obtained and preserved the title of the "Mother of Constitutional Liberty." The truth is, and this is what makes Mr. Grego's book so valuable, that at all contested elections, no matter how corruptly conducted, there was always a freedom of opinion, expressed either by broadsides, squibs, caricatures, or hard fighting. Public spirit was evoked on both sides, and differences of opinion plainly expressed; and successful candidates were forced to recognise the strength of their opponents. The old hustings elections were not without their abuses, but they certainly had their uses, especially in times when there was no free and cheap press, and political meetings between members and their constituents were few and far between. The more modern methods of forming public opinion have practically swept away the need for the more direct and pungent methods of which Mr. Grego gives an excellent picture. This change in public feeling is noticeable in the political caricaturists. Rowlandson is less coarse than Gillray; George Cruikshank, who was already at work before the latter died, at once gave a gentler tone to caricature, preparing the way for Doyle, Tenniel, and others, who, by their skill and humour, have laughingly chastised public men and public morals. Parliamentary elections in the old days had their humorous side; but we are too apt to lose sight of it in reading the serious historians of those times, and we are, therefore, grateful to Mr. Grego for having compiled so useful and entertaining a record of the political manners of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

It is a pity that there should be nothing in the preface or on the titlepage of Miss Pardoe's *Louis the Fourteenth* to indicate that this is a reprint of that lady's work originally published nearly forty years ago. If to the original edition a certain number of plates have been added, on the other hand, numerous errors both of fact and type have been left uncorrected; whilst the enormous stores of information opened up to us during the interval since the first appearance of the book and the present time have been altogether neglected by the present anonymous editor. Miss Pardoe, who has been dead nearly a quarter of a century, founded her amusing chatty work chiefly upon Alexandre Dumas' "Louis XIV. et son Siècle," and his pseudo-historical romances, supplemented by the memoirs of Bassompierre, the historiettes of Tallemant des Réaux, and others, all of whose statements require to be taken with a certain "grain of salt." It is not surprising, however, that with such materials Miss Pardoe was able to put together a pleasant readable book; which, although it may not satisfy the requirements of the student, will agreeably beguile many an hour for those who desire to combine instruction with amusement. Miss Pardoe had the happy gift of writing without apparent effort, and she certainly manages to make her characters move like real men and women on the scene she so vividly depicts. If this new edition had appeared as one of the gift-books of the season, we should have cordially recommended it, but, appearing as the product of contemporary research, it can only be accepted with certain reservations.

It is a difficult task to describe Nature throughout the whole range of her annual operations without wearying the reader; and *The Round Year*, by Edith M. Thomas (Houghton and Co., Boston), fails to excite the interest which its ability perhaps merits. How it is that the common sights and sounds of Nature have a constant freshness and charm, while descriptive prose, or even verse, unless associated with human life, quickly becomes monotonous, we shall not attempt to explain. But that literature of this class is rarely popular will not be questioned. Thomson's "Seasons" was, indeed, at one time, one of the best-read books in the language. It was found in every cottage; and the compilers of elegant extracts were in the habit of using it freely. Thomson was the first poet of his century who looked at Nature direct, and avoided the conventional epithets of the period. He was a master in the composition of poetical landscapes; and his hand is so firm, his touch so delicate, his sense of beauty so strong, that his work, though out of vogue now-a-days, deserves all the admiration it has received for a century and a half. Yet it is well known that much of that admiration was given to the narrative episodes, to Damon and Musidora, to "the lovely young Lavinia," to Celadon and Amelia, which are in reality the weakest portions of the poem. Poetry, it may be added, in dealing with Nature, has advantages denied to prose, and to celebrate the seasons as Miss Thomas has done may be a creditable effort, but it is not likely to be appreciated. In her style there is a constant effort, and the attempt to say fine things destroys all feeling of repose. It is evident, however, that the southern shore of Lake Erie has one attentive and constant lover, who, if it be her object to make a book, has not done so without much careful and intelligent observation. But she should beware of describing simple objects in inflated language.